

April 1956

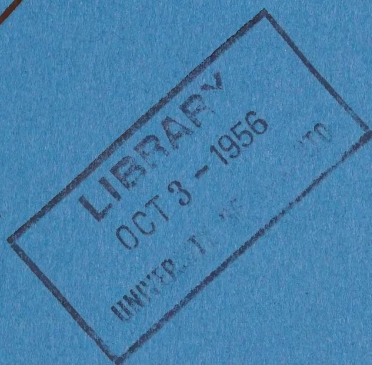
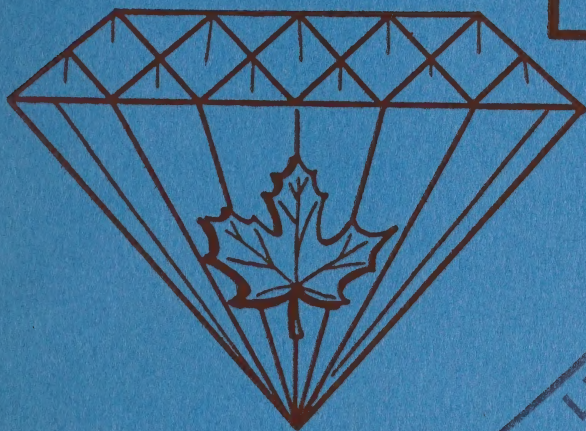
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


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-  *Inside Collin's Bay*
-  *Town of the Month*
-  *The Question*
-  *Post-Release Employment*

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THE DIAMOND

Collin's Bay, Ontario, Canada.

(Mailing Address: Box 190, Kingston,
Ontario, Canada)

FOUNDED A.D. MCMLI

MOTTO: PRISONERS ARE PEOPLE.

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The publication of an individual's ideas on penal reform and controversial or policy matters is not intended to be inferred by the reader as being tantamount to endorsement by the DIAMOND Editorial Staff or by Officials of the Department of Justice. The Editorial Staff of the DIAMOND take the democratic stand that every man's constructive ideas command respect and consideration, whether or not those opinions are popular.

Without official interference, the DIAMOND is written, edited, and managed by the men of Collin's Bay Penitentiary, with the permission of Major-General Ralph B. Gibson, C.B., C.B.E., V.D., Q.C., LL.D., Commissioner of Penitentiaries, and with the sanction of Colonel Victor S.J. Richmond, the Penitentiary Warden.

Uncredited items have been composed by the Editor. Except for quotations, all material in this magazine is written exclusively by prisoners.

— PLATFORM —

1. To inspire and cultivate moral and intellectual improvement amongst the men of Collin's Bay Penitentiary.

2. To aid in overcoming the arbitrary bias which is one of the numerous "bars sinister" to a wayward man's redemption.

3. To discuss progressive and revolutionary penological data, without recourse to partiality, favour or affection.

4. To evince Stoicism and humour, to the end that light shall obtain even in darkness.

5. To elicit the support of Society in welcoming the return of a man from prison who needs help and who is genuinely desirous of seeking his reformation in the highly competitive life of the free world.

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COLLIN'S BAY
DIAMOND
- APRIL -

WORDS OF WISDOM

The skilful and unremitting use of propaganda can persuade the majority of people that Heaven is Hell or, conversely, that the most miserable existence is paradise.

..... A Philosopher

ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL

(Roman Catholic)

Reverend Felix M. Devine, S.J.

Confessions followed by Holy Communion on Sundays, commencing at 7:30 a.m. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass at 9:00 a.m. on Sundays.

ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL

(Protestant)

Reverend Canon Minto Swan,
M.A., B.D., E.D.

Divine service each Sunday, commencing at 8:15 a.m. Voluntary service once every two months.

MUSIC

Mr. Harry Birchall directs the choir and provides accompaniment on the electric organ in both churches.

OTHER DENOMINATIONS

Major William Mercer of the Salvation Army conducts weekly bible classes in the Protestant Chapel and officiates periodically at the Protestant Church Services. Rabbi Pimontel arranges spiritual and moral guidance for men of the Jewish faith.

WORDS OF WISDOM

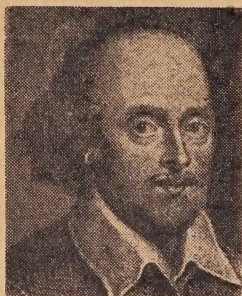
Believe in your own nation, religion, family and personalities, but do not try to force them down the other fellow's throat. He is entitled to keep his own opinions.

.....A Philosopher

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SHAKESPEARE

From the Works of
The Masters



TENNYSON

FAMINE SONG

DEATH and Famine on every side
 And never a sign of rain,
 The bones of those who have starved and died
 Unburied upon the plain.
 What care have I that the bones bleach white?
 To-morrow they may be mine,
 But I shall sleep in your arms to-night
 And drink your lips like wine!

I hear the sound of a thousand tears,
 Like softly pattering rain,
 I see the fever, folly, and fears
 Fulfilling man's tale of pain.
 But for the moment your star is bright,
 I revel beneath its shine,
 For I shall sleep in your arms to-night
 And feel your lips on mine!

I trust what sorrow the Fates may send
 I may carry quietly through,
 And pray for grace when I reach the end,
 To die as a man should do.
 To-day, at least, must be clear and bright,
 Without a sorrowful sign,
 Because I sleep in your arms to-night
 And feel your lips on mine!

(From *INDIA'S LOVE LYRICS*)

By Laurence Hope.

Cholera, Riot, and Sudden Death,
 And the brave red blood set free,
 The glazing eye and the failing breath,...
 But what are these things to me?
 Your breath is quick and your eyes are bright
 And your blood is red like wine,
 And I shall sleep in your arms to-night
 And hold your lips with mine!

And you need not deem me over cold,
 That I do not stop to think
 For all the pleasure this Life may hold
 Is on the Precipice brink.
 Thought could but lessen my soul's delight,
 And to-day she may not pine.
 For I shall lie in your arms to-night
 And close your lips with mine.

So on I work, in the blazing sun,
 To bury what dead we may,
 But glad, oh, glad, when the day is done
 And the night falls round us grey.
 Would those we covered away from sight
 Had a rest as sweet as mine!
 For I shall sleep in your arms to-night
 And drink your lips like wine!

INSIDE COLLIN'S BAY

Continuing the Series of Articles and Pictures Describing Life Behind the Walls of Collin's Bay Penitentiary



The Censor's Office

When a person is away from home one of the items of daily life which may affect him most is the receipt of mail. Merely to describe in a letter events in the daily life of the writer may uplift the spirits. For the man in prison, shut away from family and friends, correspondence is a matter of great emotional significance.

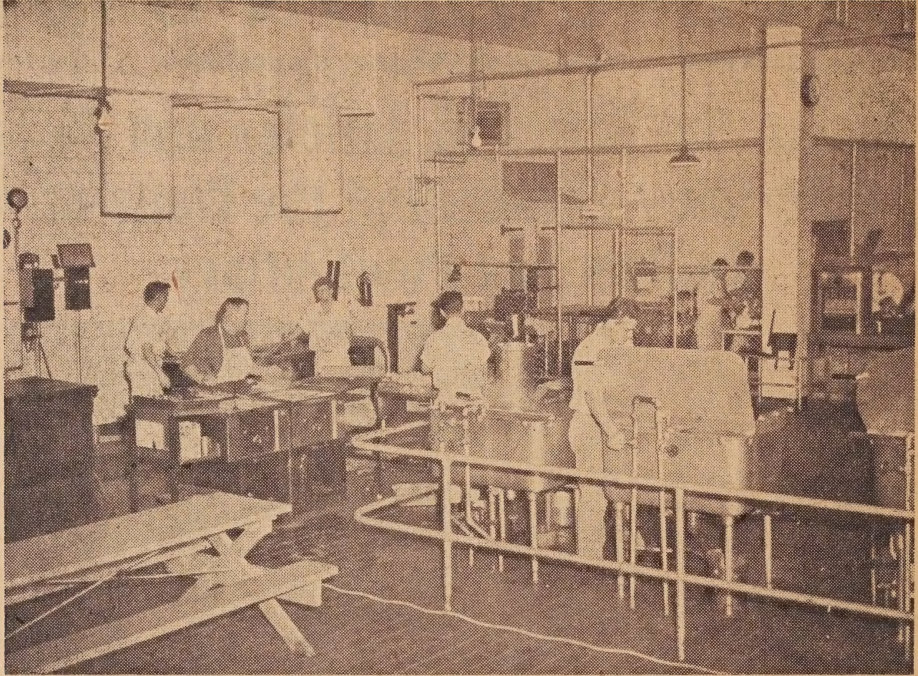
It is the policy of the prison system that inmates not only be given the opportunity, but also encouraged to exchange letters with approved correspondents. These contacts with their families and with others outside the prison are helpful for individual reformation and good morale.

Each man entering the prison is interviewed by the censor who obtains a list of approved correspondents, the inmate is advised of all rules and regulations regarding his visits and writing privileges.

All inmates are encouraged to write to their families and maintain contacts with approved friends. The Censor is always willing to discuss any problem with a man regarding his correspondence.

The Censor Department staff are from left to right; Mr. J.A. Sequin—Guard Censor, Mr. J. Donaldson Censor, Mr. M.J. Reid—Guard Censor.

The Kitchen



The above photo is not the culinary department of a large hotel but the Kitchen of Collin's Bay Penitentiary. From this centre twelve hundred and ninety meals a day are served, so it is unnecessary to say it is a busy spot!

This department is headed by Mr. Christopher MacLeod, and is assisted in his catering by thirty inmates. The bread for the institution is baked on the premises and all pastry is baked in the same shop.

Barber Shop

A very important department in this institution, it means neatness and comfort to all inmates. This modern and up-to-date shop is located in the Change Room Building, having four late-type barber chairs and using three wooden chairs when the need arises.

Mr. Greatrix is the officer-in-charge of a staff of twelve inmates. Some of the twelve men are trainees, and under the tuition of Mr. Greatrix. Each Tuesday Mr. Bert Smith of Kingston, who has a flourishing tonsorial business in town, devotes the morning to instructing the barbers in the fine arts of barbering, such as massages, head washes, proper hand-

Just imagine the potatoes it takes in one day to feed this amount of men, not to mention pancakes twice a week! The meat is supplied by the institution farm, and is butchered on the premises. Many inmates have left this kitchen with sufficient knowledge to be employed as cooks and bakers on the outside, and although this is not a vocational unit, it contributes greatly to inmates' knowledge.

ling of the razor, also barber shop etiquette. Our barbers sure appreciate his teachings. He is a man very well thought of by all who have dealings with him.

The inmates attend the barber shop every three weeks, and may have their hair cut to suit themselves. This is a far cry from the old days when the head was shaved. The men who attend hair-cut parade on Thursdays are permitted a shampoo. The reason for this is to permit the student barber how to perform the task in a proper manner under the expert eye of Mr. Smith. With time permitting, an inmate may receive a massage — also part of the training.

During the week Mr. Greatrix takes up the training, periodically filing reports as to the student barber's progress, teaching the students the art of shop cleanliness, the ways of handling a customer, proper approaches, etc. At times he or one of the barbers will come out to the change room, laundry or tailor shop, seeking inmates for shaves, haircuts, shampoos, etc., as subjects for the student trainee. As an officer, Mr. Greatrix is indeed a very well-liked officer by all the inmates, and held with great respect by the barber shop inmates.

Any inmate barber who so desires can grad-

uate from Collin's Bay a full-fledged tonsorial artist, certificate included. A great number of the men have left here and are doing extremely well on the outside, from being a barber steadily employed to owners of shops. This, dear reader, once again proves that "prisoners are people".

The inmate population goes to the barber shop in gangs. To explain more fully, the carpenter shop, blacksmiths, garage, etc. As I have stated before they arrive at the barber shop every three weeks.



The Tailor Shop

This department is a MUST in our little walled-in city. It is the spot that makes an inmate happy to report to just prior to leaving Collin's Bay. It means freedom is surely staring him in the face when he is told to report to Instructor Sparks for a fitting of going-out clothes.

Under the expert tuition of Mr. Sparks, seventeen inmates are taught the art of tailoring and garment shop tactics and operation.

The tailor shop, very well equipped, has the facilities to manufacture all types of mens

wearing apparel such as suits, overcoats, top-coats, etc., and does all the altering and takes care of officers' uniforms. Collin's Bay tailor shop manufactures complete the pyjamas for most of the penitentiaries in Canada, recently completing a suit contract for Western Canada.

Mr. Sparks has taught and trained numerous men who have gone out and made good at the tailoring business. His present top hands in the game are Stein, Burney, Little Sam and Tex. Then we have Smiling George, who can



make a sewing machine do tricks and pyjama cloth is his long suit. It turns into a pyjama coat or pants so fast it isn't funny. Sometimes I think the garments he handles are smiling when they leave his hands. Should a machine break down, Tex is called, and he is a chap who knows every nasty habit a sewing machine may have and has it repaired in short order. He is also the shop cutter.

Stein, Burney and Little Sam do most of the real tailoring and some very fine garments leave the shop to wearer, and every customer

seems very satisfied with the work done by the aforesaid inmates.

The tailor shop is located in the change room building. It is modern in every respect, well lighted and properly ventilated, having about fifteen machines of different types for the various operations necessary in the business with more machines to be added in the future.

Mr. Sparks, the Instructor, has been a qualified tailor for many years prior to coming to Collin's Bay, and he is an excellent instructor, very well liked by the men who are in the shop.

Hospital

There is not the slightest doubt in my mind, but what at some time or other you have read of the stone hearted, rugged and tough Editor-in-Chief of a Paper, Periodical or Magazine, who sends one of his writers on a tough assignment to darkest Africa to find out why Green Flies have Blue Wings. Or hunting midget Boa Constrictors in the innermost depths of the Amazon; but, never have you heard of the Editor, who works one of his writers into a state of collapse so that he has to be admitted to the Hospital, then later in the day calmly walks in with a long sorrowful face and with words of honey, hopes that his recovery will be rapid. Taking a second look at me, that

Simon Legree sneer crossed his face and with words that remind one of a hot sizzling steak he explains; "I want an article about this Hospital and make it good or a very lovely obituary will appear in the next edition of the Diamond. Shaking with fear, I write;

Our Prison Hospital is located on the third floor of the Administration Building. The presiding Doctor is the very well known Dr. J.E. Gibson of Kingston, Ontario. An eminent heart specialist. (A man admired by Officers and Inmates alike, his kindly attitude toward the really sick or ailing patient is marvelous.)

The Institution Officer, Mr. J.E. Corrigan,

is in charge of the Hospital under the direction of the above mentioned Doctor. He has five Officers as assistants who cover the twenty four hours, seven days a week in shifts. They are; Mr. R.D. Lanos, Mr. W.A. Dewar, Mr. A.E. Bell, Mr. M.J. Coughlin and Mr. D. Mercer.

All of the above mentioned Officers are very proficient and quite capable of handling prescribed medication and treatment of hospitalized patients, also all manner of emergencies should they arise and are very kind and considerate at all times.

The Inmate Staff consists of three men who perform the duties of Hospital maintenance,

Scotty about ten or twelve times, (He usually comes through, even though the patient is about to be discharged as a "well man"). We all have our individual faults and Scotty's is "Forgetting".

I will now endeavor to describe the Hospital so that you, the reader, can mentally see it.

The entrance has a Grill (iron bars) then a comparatively large rotunda, on one side is a waiting room then the Doctor's Office that is equipped with the essentials necessary in a full scale examination of a patient. Then comes the Surgery where emergencies and minor operations are performed, adjoining this is Mr. Corrigan's Office, the Laboratory and



they are; George J. Taranchuk, Pat Heaney and Scotty Wilson. They have many duties to perform. At this writing George T. is the Ward attendant and helps in the Hospital Office, he assists the Officer-in-charge when called upon to do so, his attentive manner towards hospitalized patients is worthy of commendation. Pat Heaney runs the diet kitchen and does a few additional duties around the Hospital. His smiling face and witty remarks around the place certainly rate him pretty high among all the Inmates. Scotty Wilson is the man the patients look to for their meals, from the Main Kitchen he also has diversified duties to perform in the hospital; when a patient needs some item from his Cell, all he has to do is ask

Dispensary. Beyond this is the Ward consisting of about twelve beds, a Solarium which has four bed space; off the Ward is the Washrooms and a room known as a treatment room for hot baths, etc. Just outside of the main Ward on the other side of the Hospital is a one bed solitary ward and known to the Inmates as the "Bug Cage". Thank goodness this is very seldom put to use. Then comes a stock room and is followed by a Duty Officer's Room and used mainly by Officers requiring medical attention of some sort, such as massages, medical tests etc. Adjoining this is the Dental Clinic, equipped with two chairs and the necessary accessories for full dental treatment and is supervised by Dr. R.P. Millan a

very well known Dentists in Kingston, Ontario. He attends the Inmates each Wednesday and is on call in cases of emergency. From the Dental Clinic we come to the Diet kitchen where special diets are prepared for Inmate Patients. It is here where "Pat" is at his best, and the way he can brew coffee would make a Brazilian Coffee grower really envious. This about sums up the Hospital as to equipment etc.

On Wednesday of each week a Dr. M. O'Connor, well known Psychiatrist of Kingston, Ontario comes to the Hospital for Consultations, and any Inmate who feels that he would like to have a talk to the Doctor may do so upon making application through the Administration or should the Institution feel that the man is in need of Psychiatric treatment. Collin's Bay is indeed very fortunate that the need for such treatment is infinitesimal, and we do not write this with any disparaging thoughts to Dr. O'Connor, he must be the best, or the Federal Government would not seek his services.

A sick parade here in Collin's Bay is comparable to one in the Army. An Inmate must register in the Cell Block Dispensary at breakfast time; after the meal he is called out for sick call. At about 8.15 a.m. he is paraded to the Hospital where the men requiring various treatments are administered to; those wishing to see the Doctor are interviewed by Mr. Corrigan and should the ailment necessitate an examination by the Doctor, they are told to wait while the others are given the treatment to suit the ailment. I might state here and now that again comparable to the Services, we have the "Lead Swinger", the "Hypochondriac" but, as everybody knows, they never get very far, in fact, they are the kind of guys who make it tough for the man who is really ill, I class them among the 4% who go to make it tough for the remaining 96%.

Should the Doctor find it necessary to hospitalize an Inmate you may rest assured the man is sick or in need of treatment; the man is taken into the Ward given a pair of pyjamas, his clothes are stored in a locker and medication or treatment is started. For the population of this Institution we are as a whole just reeking in good health and condition.

I have been confined here for about one month due to a heart condition and assure you all, that I am positive that had I been in the best Hospital in any City or Town, the treat-

ment would not be a bit better than I have received in Collin's Bay Hospital. Dr. Gibson has been extremely kind and interested. The Officers have been most patient, kind and interested in my welfare. George, the Ward attendant, most attentive in regards to seeing that I have been made comfortable. I was ordered to remain very quiet and move as little as possible; to obey such an order is very easily said and here I am doing this writing.

The Doctor visits the Ward each morning, checks each patient's chart. He is accompanied by the Duty Officer; after interviewing the patient the Dr. prescribes medication, treatment or release of the patient providing he is fit to return to active duty. In the month that I have been in the hospital, there have been very few men admitted, this proving my previous statement regarding the health of the Inmate in general.

There are very few injuries and an injured person is given immediate attention and proper treatment; in the case of a real serious injury the patient is moved to Kingston Penitentiary where facilities are more adequate and most of the Surgery if performed by that eminent Surgeon Dr. Clark of Kingston Ontario.

Every day the Committee man Al Corrie drops in to say "Hello" to the boys wanting to know if they are in need of anything. Every fifth day he comes in he brings tobacco, chocolate bars and gum this being a gift from the Inmate Committee. Most every day the Editor of the Diamond stops in with a cheery hello for the patients (with one exception "Me").

The Senior Officers of the Institution often stop in to see if we are in need of anything; the whole set up just makes a guy want to get well and not be obligated to the people who have really been kind and considerate.

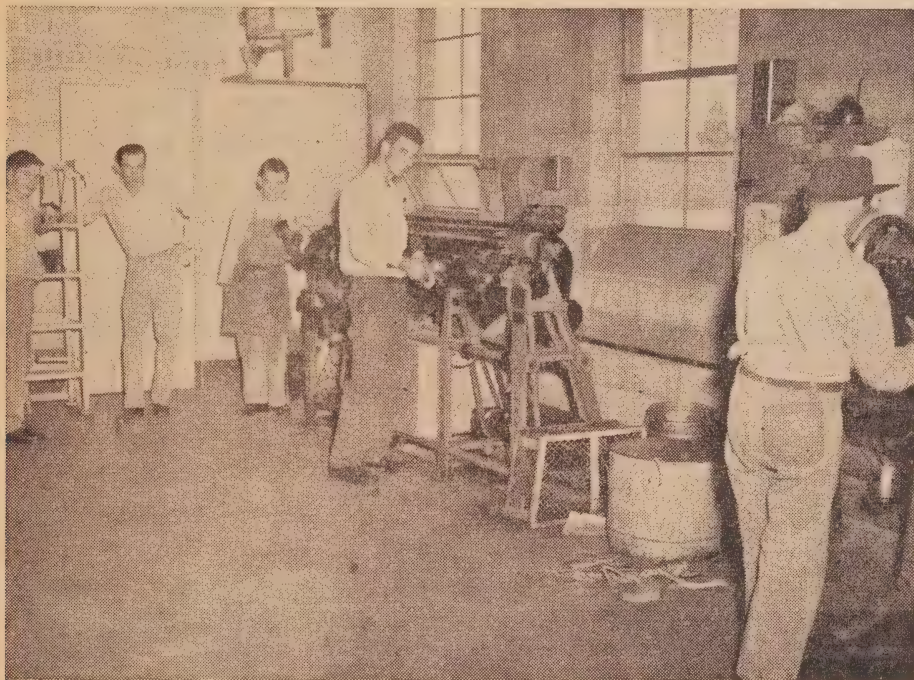
Now I have about finished this story and will hand it to Editor Charles Downs when he next visits the Hospital. So putting aside my pen and paper will snuggle under the covers on a lovely soft mattress with baby blue sheets, topped by a bright red Hudson Bay blanket, maybe I will be fortunate enough to get in forty winks before the Editor-in-Chief comes in with another assignment; Maybe I'll be lucky and he will send me over to the Farm to find out why Cabbage Plants can't be picked in February around Kingston and Area...

A chip on the shoulder indicates there is wood higher up.
ANON.

Shoe Shop

Here is the interior of the Collin's Bay Shoe Shop. Absolutely complete and fully equipped to handle any phase of shoe repairing. Although it is not listed as a vocational training unit, many men, under Mr. Lloyd's supervi-

sion, receive equivalent to a shoe shop apprenticeship. A vast amount of high-quality work is turned out of this shop in a year's period. They take care of officers and inmates, and do a fine job of keeping everyone well shod.



The Radio Room

The first sounds within this institution every morning, and the last at night, emanate from our Radio Room. The radio programs constitute the greatest diversion within these walls, and are listened to constantly by all the inmates.

The Radio Room is equipped with three radios, a tape recorder, and two turntables for playing records. At the present time, the men here have a choice of two channels to which they may listen, with the third channel nearly ready for operation. Channel one carries dramas, comedy, news and music; Channel two is reserved for sports and music. With the third Channel on its way in, we are informed that

it will be reserved for classical music and educational programs.

Our record library is growing, but our only source of supply is for the various men who wish to donate money to the purchase of records.

The radio is on from 6.40 in the morning until 11.00 in the evening. The "nerve centre"—the Welfare Committee—draw up the radio schedule and the man in charge of the operation of the radios is responsible to follow the schedule.

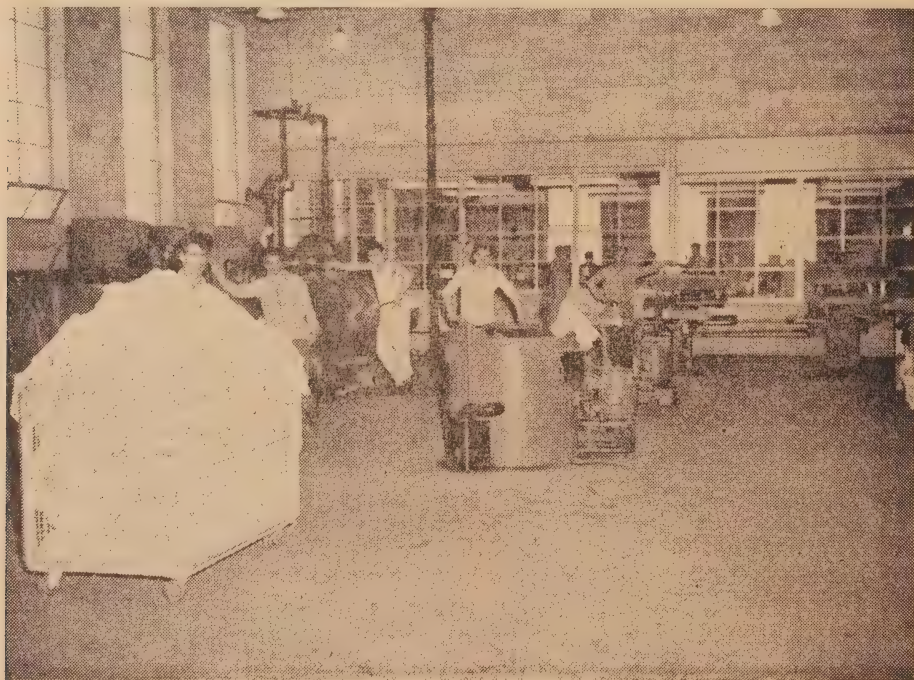
The entire operation is handled by the inmates themselves. There is no censorship of programs.



The Laundry

Here we have the Collin's Bay Laundry. It takes care of four hundred and thirty inmates, and the amount of soiled clothing would make

any housewife gasp! The complete write-up on The Laundry is contained in our March issue.



PORT PERRY

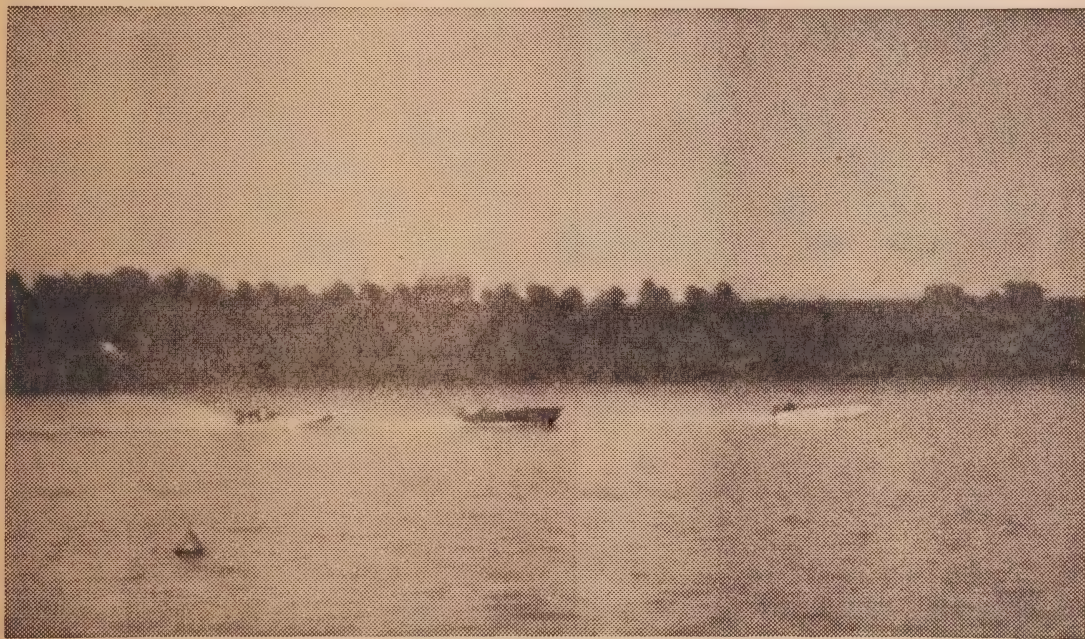
A TYPICAL ONTARIO RESORT TOWN

Foreword -

To you, the reader, we will again endeavor to prove that "prisoners are people". At a recent Diamond staff meeting, the problem came up of "what shall we do to keep the interest of our outside subscribers"? After some time had elapsed of pros and cons, it was suggested we run a "Town and Village" series by picking, at random, some Town or Village in Canada. We, the inmates of a penal institution, would do our best to inform the rest of the country that, in this instance, Port Perry, Ontario is a nice place in which to live and its whole population a grand lot of people with whom to live. So to the Port Perry Star and its staff, we doff our hats, and say "thanks a lot" for all your help in aiding us, the staff of a penal magazine, to prove that we still admire "the outside".

PORT PERRY, a village about fifty some-odd miles north and east of Toronto, nestles on Lake Scugog. It was incorporated in 1871 A.D. and, if the census taker is not fooling us, the population is somewhat over two thousand people who enjoy living right where they are.

claimed until it became a custom to advertise the names of those to whom these letters were addressed. The writer has since wondered if the post office was originally located on Queen Street opposite to the furniture store and undertaking parlor. The new Post Office is a modern brick edifice located on the south side

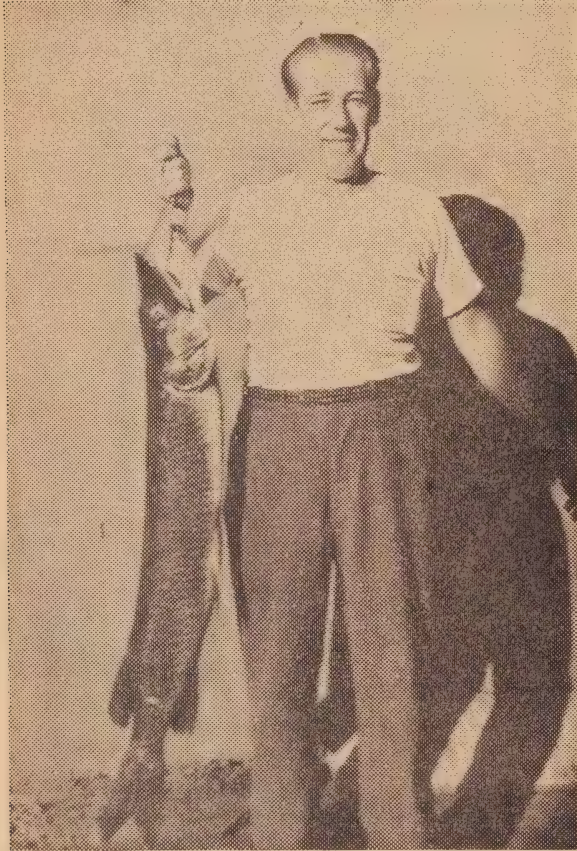


In 1848 a mail stage was in operation from Port Whitby to Port Perry. That, of course, was before the days of the mail order houses: then came the first Post Office in 1852. It was such a novelty that letters often remained un-

of Queen Street in the heart of the business block.

Back in 1883 and 1884, Port Perry had a streak of bad luck. Fires destroyed the whole business section of the village, and it took the

stout hearts of the people who really believed in its future to reconstruct the burned-out area. So, today, the Queen Street business district is more up-to-date than the majority of small centres comparable in population and size.



A large number of the residents work in nearby Oshawa at the various industrial plants, there being a regular bus service between Port Perry and Oshawa. They are employed by General Motors, Pedlars and other industrial concerns.

For many, many years Port Perry has been noted as a fishermens paradise. Should you doubt my word, just glance at the accompanying pictures. These catches were made by local townfolk. What an incentive for the angler! So get the old bus greased and have the oil changed — pack the gear in the trunk, and as soon as the weather breaks, head for Port Perry—for a day, for a week-end, or even a week. Then you, too, can have some pictures taken comparable to the ones in print.

The railroad came to Port Perry many years ago, and the railroad left Port Perry — to be

supplanted by an excellent bus and transport service. On the site of the old railroad station, and right on the shore of the lake, is a very pretty park. Prior to "Hurricane Hazel" it featured a bandstand. Well, our belated "blow girl Hazel" must have had a grudge against the bandstand, thus eliminating the music emporium. Again the stout-hearted townspeople were not to be outdone. Nowadays, weather permitting, motion pictures are shown by the Film Board: and oftimes church services are held in the park on Sunday evenings — what nicer way could a family group spend a Sunday evening? That, of course, goes for anybody, young or old. Try to picture a warm summer evening sitting in the park with the cooling breezes from Lake Scugog wafting over the grounds and the kiddies bothering their parents for money to run across the road for ice cream or ice cold milk from the Port Perry Dairy — unless the picture happened to be Gene Autry or regular cowboys and Indians doing a job on poor old Custer.

Driving down Queen Street from Borelia Hill one sees some very pretty residences, passing churches, the old Town Hall, the new Library and sunken garden, and the lawn bowling green. A little further down, on the left-hand side, is the Port Perry Star and Printing Co. Ltd. whose weekly paper gives out the news of interest in and around the village. Looking directly ahead of you, the blue-green waters of Lake Scugog can be seen. Now you are in the heart of the business block. As you pass along it, you will see many old, established stores that have been passed on from father to son and so on. A few years ago it was the Parrish Hardware, Carnegie's Hardware and Supply, Cawker's Butcher Shop, Brock's Store, McGregor's Butcher Shop and Cawker's Livery Stable that rested well behind Carnegie's. Next came the Bank, then the Barber Shop, and at the end of the street there used to be two hotels but later, only one remained. Opposite the remaining hotel is the grain elevator and then came the power house. Now you are at the waterfront, a small boat dock and club house which houses the P.P. Yacht Club — the gathering place of the younger set. "Some mighty nice craft sail them thar lake waters" with some nice young people in the craft.

Any nice Sunday afternoon you may see spills and thrills at the motor-boat races held on Lake Scugog, and watch the sailing craft gracefully skin the waters. It might be stated at this point that the motor boat races draw

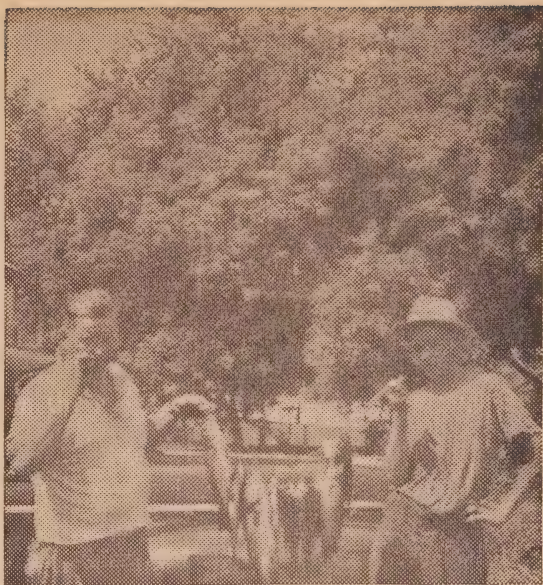
contestants from Toronto, Oshawa and the United States. If any of our readers would like to enjoy a really good day, one that would satisfy every member of the family, it would be worthwhile to check your road map of Ontario and plan a real outing during the coming summer. The townsfolk would like to have you and you in turn would like the townsfolk and their hospitality.

The village can boastfully speak of a fine Grade School and a very modern up-to-date High School which also teaches technical trades — sending forth year after year qualified and trained young men and women to take their places in the world.

The well-known Peel Hatchery is located on the outskirts of the village, sending eggs and chicks all over the country from its modern and up-to-date buildings. The village boasts of its resident hospital, attended by good local doctors. There is the local dentist, the jewelry store, food markets, tea shops and restaurants: the automobile agencies, the machine shop and gas stations. It is, on the whole, a lovely village — one might go so far as to say a pretty village — with nice homes, nice churches — a village that the casual driver and his family should make it a point to visit.

As we look across Lake Scugog we see the summer cottages on Scugog Island. To get over to the Island by car one must cross over the causeway, now Route 7-A, and while crossing it any day during the summer, you will always find folks fishing off the bridge for bass or perch. Upon passing the fishermen we now wave good-bye to the village of Port Perry on Lake Scugog, and wend our way to another village or town for next month.

In closing may we again thank the Port Perry Star Co. Ltd. for the assistance they have given us to make this series possible. We hope the readers have enjoyed reading about a village that they can, and should, visit, and we, the inmate staff of the Diamond, hope to visit some time in the future. I have enjoyed



writing this article this month: another member of the Diamond staff writes about another village or town next month. Our editor, Charles Downs, will undoubtedly pick out a spot about twenty miles south of the North Pole — he loves to write about a metropolis! Thank you, Port Perry Star — may your circulation jump to the tens of thousands!

Next month the town or village will be... wait, how about some of you readers suggesting a town or village you would like written up?

Each one of us must find and work out for himself the ways in which he must modify his life, so as to achieve balance and self-direction, make the fullest use of his potentialities, and so contribute to the general renewal of life. There is no single formula for achieving this transformation; for the intellectual, so far from needing a balanced diet of the "hundred best books", often needs rather a stiff turn at manual toil or the assumption of active political responsibilities in his community, or in thought itself intensive study in some neglected domain. Lewis Mumford.

Moscow Radio announced a few days after Joseph Statlin's funeral that five million Russians filed past his bier in 72 hours. That will work out according to the calculations of this humble writer, that the mourners, two abreast, three and one-third feet apart, ran past the bier at twenty two miles per hour; twenty two miles per hour is 9.3 seconds a hundred yards, which is the world's record for the hundred yard dash... heretofore recorded only by an American.

From The Forum (Nebraska State Pen.)



Editorial

Old Lumber

HERE are many improvements and alterations being made within our tight little walled city. A great deal of construction work, plenty of alterations — and as it must be before changes or new buildings are erected, some structures must be torn down. To make room, they must be removed from the scene.

Our attention was sharply drawn to one phase of the work as we were on our way to the Vocational Carpenter Shop: this was the tearing down of the old grist mill. The roof was on the ground, and the fellows were carefully removing the nails and piling the useable lumber for future use. This lumber, after being used in a structure for twenty years, was being reclaimed and in future building would be profitably employed. This is economy, sensible economy.

The joists and scantlings were as straight and true as the day they had left the sawyer's table, and were better for the years of seasoning they had received while being a member of the structure. On closer inspection of the walls, much of the material they were made of could be used at a later date.

Off to one side was a discard pile — the wood relegated to this untidy stack was beyond redemption and would probably end up in the boiler room to be turned into units of heat. Again economy shows itself.

Now we started to ruminate. What happened to the badly rotted wood and timber that was now on the scrap pile? This wood had started exactly the same as the lumber that was to be re-used — what had happened to it? To start at the beginning, there is a possibility of some infection being carried into the log from the bush into the saw-mill and escaping the watchful eye of the mill operator, and ending up as a second-grade board or plank. Other rotted boards could be traced to exposure; lack of paint had, in all probability, taken its toll, and there is the chance that leaky eavetroughing had allowed moisture to penetrate other portions.

On the other hand, improper fastenings could cause warping and buckling of planks, or inferior nails may have permitted a board to spring and permit rainwater to seep underneath the plank to do its damage. So we can see many factors contribute to the rotting, warping and twisting of the various component parts of a building, even a small one. But despite the onslaught of these innumerable agents of the elements, the majority of the material from a dismantled structure is able to be used again.

To return to the pile of salvaged lumber. It is not foolishness to suggest that from this stock of seasoned wood could come the material from which a masterpiece could be carved, or a useful and beautiful piece of furniture made. It has been done before. Pieces of driftwood have been carved into objects of great beauty. But if the salvaged lumber is only used in a mundane structure, such as a garage or an implement shed, it is doing worthwhile service, doing the job it was destined to do. Plus it is contributing to the economy of the institution and lessens the demand for new lumber.

By now the reader can see what we are leading up to — a comparison between people and used building material. And there is a great deal of likeness in the animate human and the in-

imate building material. And they have one great and outstanding point in common, namely the scrap pile. Now we are not inferring that all humans with a fault should end up on the scrap pile, nor do they. Many end up on the salvaged lumber pile to be used again, and in many instances, are better for their removal from the structure of society.

A very learned man who has spent close to half a century in penal work made a statement that we feel has a bearing on this article: "From a close study and long observation, I am of the opinion that the number of born criminals is small; that most men who find themselves in the penitentiary can trace the circumstances back to the absence of a fair chance in life". So this quote precludes the chance of the rot or warp being in the human member of the structure from the beginning. The question is, where does it begin?

We discount, then, the possibility that the criminal tendencies are in the man to begin with, unlike the log with the infection. His rot or warp must come either from associations or environment. His first venture into crime, in all likelihood, was started as a prank, and subsequent episodes in the same vein, not on his own initiative but on the suggestions or dares from his friends. We suppose this could be compared to a stand of trees growing in rocky, unfertile ground — therefore the raw material would not furnish top grade lumber. You say the trouble started from his companions? To us it is a combination of environment and friends. And as in the case of a board in a structure under a leaky eavetrough, the exposure to moisture caused the deterioration. It could be that two or three boards in one corner of the structure were affected. On removal they could be trimmed up, the rough spots removed, and then the reclaimed board put on the salvaged lumber pile. But one point must be made clear — to realize a profit from this economy the salvaged material must be usefully employed before it suffers further damage.

So in the human case the offender ends his career of crime in a reformatory or a penitentiary. Here he is to be reclaimed. In the penitentiary, if it is necessary, he will be taught a trade. On completion of his course he could be compared to a piece of lumber that has reached the salvaged lumber pile. And as in the case of the salvaged lumber he must be used to gain the profit the public has the right to expect from the investment of its tax money.

And now for another quote, this time from a famous Canadian who has served his country as a soldier and a politician. These are the words of Senator David Croll: "We still have not altogether rid ourselves of the old belief that a person who has committed a crime is an outcast or an outlaw... that he has forfeited all his rights, and particularly the right to be treated as a human being". End of quote.

It is only right to assert that after a man has served his sentence he should be given a chance to prove his intentions and be free from any further reference to his past. After all, the salvaged boards or planks that are used in a building do not have signs attached to acclaim them as second hand, and they are doing the job as well as clean, new lumber. Of this we are certain.

So we would ask the public to look upon the inmates of our country's institutions as reclaimed or salvaged lumber. We are well seasoned and ready to be put to useful service, not left on the salvaged pile until further rot can set in. The majority of us wish to lead normal, useful lives on our release, but remember — we are employable and must be employed. In closing, "prisoners are people".

It is now common knowledge that delinquency and crime have their roots in unhappy childhood, which stems from parental and community neglect and misunderstanding. Nowhere is society's obligation so clear or the action it takes so important as when legitimate complaints first come to the attention of courts and law enforcing agencies. Future delinquent or criminal behaviour may well be determined by what happens to children when they are first picked up and placed in shelter or detention facilities, by the type of care they receive, and by the help given to their parents to prevent the situation from becoming more serious.

R. Royle Eddy

WHAT DO THEY DO?

Bill Jones

AS the latest member of the "Diamond" staff, I was asked by the editor to contribute an article for our issue for the month of April. I was, frankly, at a loss for a subject and he kindly offered the suggestion that I outline my impressions of a penitentiary. With this I agreed. Since our discussion, however, the issue for March has come from press and features the beginning of a series "Inside Collin's Bay" — a story, with pictures, on this institution. Having read the first instalment I am convinced that the present undertaking does the job in a manner far surpassing anything I could attempt. I am therefore going to write briefly, and I hope with some interest, on the way various individuals or groups pass the time within these walls.

Many times in the not-too-long ago—when I was a member of that large group constituting free society—I drove past this and other institutions of incarceration, and not once did thoughts not come to me "how do they pass their time? — how do they live? — what do they do? Now I am in such a place myself—I know the answers. But do the other passers-by have the same thoughts? Do they know? Has anyone told them? Does the general public know — or care? And of paramount importance, those we love — do they know? The general public may not know but they are entitled to — they pay taxes for our maintenance. They must care — they are human — each has a heart and conscience. Those we love, they must be told, they must be comforted and relieved.

I have seen glowing accounts in the press, heard radio and television broadcasts, and listened in person to eminent speakers sound off on various aspects of prison life in reformatories, prisons and the like. I was impressed, but was I truly believing? Could I be sure that the writer or speaker KNEW the answers? Lacking the actual living experience, day by day for a prolonged period in such a place, could he convince me? This question I will labour no longer but get on with my version—written from within these walls, based on ob-

servation and conversation with four hundred others in an identical position, and open to correction and contradiction by the same number of men. My hope is you may find some interest and pleasure in this story. Who can tell, you may recognise from my description what your husband, son or sweetheart is saying and doing! Those are the men I am living with and writing about. We are prisoners, but we are people — people we hope you still care about or love. We know you think about us — now live with us in fancy for a few minutes while we let you know what we are doing.

After the mental upheaval caused by sentencing and committal to a penal institution has subsided and a man is once again beginning to think clearly and rationally, one of his first thoughts is "what am I going to do to pass my time as quickly as possible?" Naturally the occupation of the mind and hands pleasantly is the best way to seemingly accomplish the impossible — make time shorter.

There is a job available to every man entering Collin's Bay and, with few exceptions, the working day is passed by men doing the work they have asked for and are best qualified to do. Those who have a trade or skill start in immediately, and others are assigned to various shops to learn, from qualified instructors, that which they have requested, provided certain simple qualification tests have been successfully completed. Thus one may see the master butcher, baker, stonemason or clerk working quietly at what he has always done side by side with the apprentice chef, maitre de, architect and executive. So much for the business end.

Vocational training provided by the institution is varied and complete, and many inmates have embarked on such trades and skills as are available — barbering, bricklaying, carpentering, painting, shoe-making, tailoring, tinsmithing and more. Many take advantage of the educational courses provided, academic, commercial and technical, to further or complete their scholastic attainment. For all who desire to study, cell blocks designed for the purpose are available, and here on any night in the week may be found men poring over their books of theory or practical problems.

For those not so occupied with study courses there are regular cell blocks where privacy is possible for the man who likes periods of solitary meditation or can mingle and converse at diversion periods with his working-day companions. For the gregarious boys there are dormitories where a man need never be alone.

In short, accommodation is available to suit all types for all situations.

Throughout the institution, regardless of location, each man is provided with a set of earphones to listen to daily radio programs. On this subject one could write ad infinitum! There are the men who like Western music exclusively and listen to only that. There are those who like the rock 'n roll music, and a very few who listen only to the classical programs. Comments during a quiet evening of listening are worth noting for their humor. On a recent classical program one of the ranking coloraturas of ours was flawlessly trilling "Lo Hear The Gentle Lark" and a chap in an adjoining cell, who had just switched to this channel from a sports broadcast, shattered the calm with a loud "Gad, who is the babe with the gut-ache?" The same man writes very creditable poetry, and so it goes. Each man to his own taste, and there is something for everyone to enjoy.

A man's spiritual life is well served by two full-time Padres in attractive Protestant and Roman Catholic chapels. These gentlemen are on hand for discussion and counselling each and every day, and the Salvation Army conducts weekly bible classes. For men of the Jewish faith a Rabbi is available for consultation and guidance.

Once weekly there is a movie show — news, shorts, cartoon and the main feature. This is almost 100% attended. A couple of weeks ago the short was a revival of an old Mack Sennett comedy. It was particularly amusing to the writer, who is "a trifle" beyond the tender years and grew up in the days of silent movies, to hear the spontaneous guffaws from the young lads who have heard and seen nothing but Cinerama, Technicolor and Stereophonic Sound! Today the Hollywood product is technically perfect, yes, but the spontaneity of slapstick in silence as portrayed by Charlie Chaplin, Buster Keaton and the like, is sadly missing and missed. The reaction of the younger generation here proved it is an art which could well be revived.

The library is very complete and well staffed. Thousand of books are read weekly by 100% of the population here and the choice of reading matter is as varied as the colors of a dawn. The same man who reads Mickey Spillane draws The Rubaiyat and Churchill's Memoirs. Every taste may be satisfied, and more avid reading could not be seen anywhere.

With the approval and blessing of the penitentiary authorities, an Inmate Welfare Com-

mittee is in operation. Several of the more popular inmates run for this office, and the five most popular, and judged the most able to liaison between administration and inmate body, are elected by free ballot. On this subject I will only touch because I am sure the Committee can write of their own activities much more lucidly and interestingly than I. Suffice it to say they are in charge of the sports and diversion activities for the institution, and their program is, I believe, immense. Needless to say we are behind this effort 100%.

Hobbycraft here is really something! Available to all are painting and sketching, moulding, leathercraft, weaving, rug hooking and many others. I have always been an admirer of leatherwork and I have never seen finer, more painstakingly-perfect and imaginative work than is turned out here. Purses, wallets and belts are the finished products of artists. Should our readers have occasion to visit the institution, ask to see the hobbycraft display in the Waiting Room. It is a very fine exhibit. One man has just finished making a coffee table that could take its place alongside any custom-made piece in a finely appointed living room. It represents the spare-time work of many nights spent in pleasant labour and mental occupation — this despite the confines of space — it was made in a cell! With such a will to create, who cannot conquer adversity? All these products are for sale, and the proceeds from their sale can materially assist a man upon his release.

In addition to those actively engaged on manual hobbycraft we have the usual budding poets, authors, artists and musicians. Many of the ideas for future books about which I have been told, are very intriguing. I say with all sincerity that I will not be surprised if the future produces many worthy pieces of literature by present incumbents of Collin's Bay. The writing fever here is intense.

And now, patient reader, if you have come with me this far your journey with us is just about at an end. I promised to be brief, but fear I have taxed the meaning of the word. I hoped I may interest you in our activities, and trust I have succeeded. I am, sure I have convinced you that "prisoners are people". If you have enjoyed living with us my toil will not have been in vain. We are not locked up in dungeons — we are not in a concentration camp — we are not deteriorating by mental stagnation. We are fitting ourselves for re-establishment in free society. Do you not agree?

KAMPUS KWEERIES



by "The Marshall"

JANET JEAN:

c/o FARMERS ADVOCATE and CAN-
ADIAN COUNTRYMAN.

Having perused your very interesting COLUMN, permit me, please, to congratulate you, there is something in it for everybody in any family, so will at this time say "Orchids to You" (Maybe I can coax our Editor to send you a couple). Also very glad that you found our "Diamond" interesting. Thanks a lot.

You have suggested that your readers help you answer the Question sent in by (Wondering. Why, Ont.) in the February 11th, 1956 Issue. MY VERSION:

QUESTION:

Why have expenditures for luxuries such as hard and soft drinks, smokes, cosmetics, nylon hose etc., gone up, while the prices of certain foods kept down.

ANSWER: (no charge)

Hard and Soft drinks if taken in excess will generally come up. Right?

Smoke usually goes up. Right?

Cosmetics when properly applied usually show the lady up. Right?

With regards to the Foods, if they were not kept down we would have an awful lot of sick people to care for.

Bye now.

"The Marshall"

Dear Swami Marshall;

How does one go about getting on the Committee in this joint, I was a politician on the outside and know all there is to know about everything.

Ex-B.T.O. Jarvis St.

Dear Brainless One:

Say Fat-Boy, I remember you now, your that Guy who is shining Cell Bars because you have a bad set of NERVES. About getting on the Committee here in C.B. (it is not a Joint) on checking your I.Q. it was 4% lower than the last 10 Brooms purchased for the Cleaners.

As for being a B.T.O. guess that's why your in here. Regarding your statement as to your knowing Everything, you don't, or you would know how to get on the Committee, and furthermore you wouldn't be just a Number in C.B.

Crystal Ball Marshall.

Dear Mr. Marshall Sir:

I am one of your ardent readers on the Outside, and trust you do not mind my writing to you for advice. I am twenty years of age, good looking, my Boy Friend is currently serving five years in your institution. I have a favor to ask of you, will you please keep an eye on my Boy Friend while he is there, his name is (name deleted) and I will appreciate it very much.

Hilda Van Nosehigh Ill.

Dear (for short) Nosie;

Your request is rather unusual, but we of the Diamond aim to please. We have checked the files and found your Boy Friend. If you really love that guy then I now know why Whistler quit speaking to his Mother. We will keep an eye on him alright, we have to, that bird is a thief, why only yesterday we had to stop him from trying to push a Tractor and Tractor from Smith's Transport into his Cell. My advice to you is forget him, and forward to me personally, your phone number, as I graduate from C.B. in the near future and will be only too happy to show you my Etchings.

Devil-in-me Marshall.

Dear Swamp (short for Marsh);

I have not paid my 54-55 dues to the Big Time Bank Robbers Association, nor have I paid my dues to the Lavendor Club, will I still be a member of both Clubs when I leave here?

Puzzled.

Dear Lamé Brain;

You have been a source of trouble to the B.T.B.R.A. ever since coming here, you have told everybody in C.B. that you would not waste your time to "Soup a Pete" unless it had 50 G's in it, then telling the Boys you used to take as many as 3 Petes (Safes) an night. "Not bad for an amateur". With all the Dough you must have had, why did you use Free Legal Aid to get you sent here. That sounds like a brand of Tobacco Bull-Durham, anyway Big Duke has you beat.

As for the Lavender Club, it is re-organizing on account of the Newcomers, you were never a full time member anyway, only once did you contact 3951 the President, your out and I don't mean maybe "so there now."

The Marshall.

Dear Fatso;

By the time you get this I shall be on the Outside and on the Street, and you will be still in there, so answer this one. Who is the smartest, you or me? Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha and who is the laugh on you or me?

signed OUT.

Dear Ha Ha;

My dear Friend the very fact that you have again re-entered Society pleases me a great deal. With regards as to which of we two are the smartest. "I am" because when my time is up, I hope to remain in Society, as for the laugh on who, well Brother Out, just look over your shoulder after reading this, see those two big men looking you over? Well, Buddy they happen to be Cops, you just broke your Parole Be seeing you.

Bye for now. The Marshall.

Dear Monsieur Mr. Marshall;

My release date grows close, and as I have told all the fellows here that I own a Cadillac, and I really don't. What shall I say when a horse and wagon comes to pick me up?

signed Have I done Wrong.

Dear No you haven't;

So you are one of them too? Will this Cadillac mania never stop? its fellows like you and about twenty more I could point a finger at, that are costing this institution a lot of money, just take a peek on the Outside from the Auditorium next Sunday.

The Ornamental Gang have been putting in Hitching Posts on both sides of the driveway

and installing a Watering Trough yet. Personally I believe the only Rubber tired vehicle any one of you ever had was a Wheelbarrow, and IT belonged to either the Provincial or Federal Government. Now I must hurry and take my seasick pills. You guys nauseate me.

The sickened Marshall.

P.S. Show this to the other Cadillac owners in the Dorm.

Dear Knick-Knack;

Who killed Cock Robin and why isn't he in here with us other Blanks?

signed Georgie Sparrow

Dear Biggest of Blanks;

Why the Nome-de-Plume Knick Knack? you are the Total Blank, I checked your record, you were sentenced to ten years, and now that your here you seem quite happy. Now Hear This, for it will surely put a Knick in Your Knack.

It was You who done the job, and Cock Robin did not die, he got one look at you and fainted. Gee, 1965 is sure a long way off.

I'm Laughing Marshall.

Dear Marshmallow;-

I was a Navy man for years and became quite used to tight trousers, here in C.B. I have trouble getting trousers to fit me. Oh please, I implore you what shall I do?

Ex-Gob (not Slob)

Dear Late Navy;-

"Cut the Scuttlebut sailor" your Exec Officer, who raised himself from Cabin Boy to Skipper Junior Grade on a Sardine Smack, is now a Barber here in C.B. so I had a talk to him about you. The closest you ever came to the High Seas was scraping the Barnacles off the Skipper's Gig in Drydock, furthermore all the time you were in the Navy they issued you WAVES dungarees, so just stand by, and be happy that in C.B. you always get Mens Pants. And when the Squawk-Box blasts out Capt's orders of the day, you just quietly take yourself to the Head.

Ex-Commander The Marshall.

Dearest Marshall:

I read your column every month and I enjoy it very much. Could you, my dear, answer this for me? Heavens above, why don't they serve weiners on the line more often?

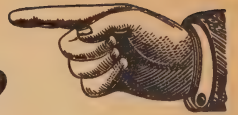
Sincerely your

THERESA

(Continued on Page 25)



WHAT WOULD YOU SAY??



DO YOU FEEL YOU GAINED OR LOST BY YOUR INCARCERATION?

FIRST ANSWER:— Inmate, age 29, serving five years. All I have lost is the respect of society. With the knowledge and training that I have gained here, it would be impossible to count the time as being lost. My earning power will be doubled by the time I am released, so I cannot say that I have lost financially. Any man can be educated, rehabilitated, or made incorrigible only if he wants it that way.

SECOND ANSWER:— Inmate, age 28, first timer, serving ten years. Financially, I have lost greatly, but from a mental standpoint, I have broadened myself considerably. A man would have to be extremely stupid to serve any length of time and not gain mentally. From many angles I am better off. I have been taught cooking and butchering. But bear in mind, from the beginning I have been convinced of my guilt.

THIRD ANSWER:— Inmate, age, 28, serving two years. This is a very difficult question to answer. If this were my first time of imprisonment, my answer would be a very emphatic loss. However, this is my fourth conviction, and if anything of value could be lost, it has long since gone.

Has this period of incarceration been a loss or gain? Obviously I have lost two years of freedom—I admit that this is not much in comparison with some of the sentences being served here, but regardless whether it be six months or six years, it is still time gone by. Perhaps my two years is not a total loss. I took one of the vocational training courses offered here, which gave me a good theoretical and working knowledge of the trade of my choice.

If I am given the opportunity to use this knowledge after my release, I will then be using something I have gained while serving time.

If, however, while seeking employment, I meet with the same antipathy I encountered after former releases, and am not given a chance to put this new-found knowledge to work, then what I have gained here is of no use to me, and my two years will have been a loss.

FOURTH ANSWER:— Inmate, age 32. Serving two years. This is a highly controversial question. Personally, I feel that I have gained in the sense that I have acquired technical knowledge through vocational training and correspondence course that normally I would not have taken had I been a free man.

Naturally, I feel very keenly the loss of family life and the social contacts of those with whom I was associated.

However, aside from the social stigma that will be attached to me as an ex-convict, I sincerely believe that this is compensated for to some degree, by the training given here.

FIFTH ANSWER:— Inmate, age 38. Serving nine years. This question poses many problems. If you mean have I gained anything while here, I would have to answer in the affirmative. The reason for this is that I have gained immeasurably by adding to my educational standard. I have also gained proficiency in my trade as a sheet-metal worker, and also furthering my studies by a correspondence course in architectural draughting. There is also the gain I have made in learning to control a vicious temper which was the contributing factor in my coming to jail.

There is, of course, the five years lost at the time of life that should have been my most productive and formative. The financial loss, is of course, a great factor. It means starting from scratch to build a financial security from future illness and a planned retirement at an age that I could enjoy.

SIXTH ANSWER:— Inmate, age 30. Serving two years. In a way, imprisonment has been of some value to me in that I have had the opportunity to earn and practise a trade which I would not have had otherwise.

This will undoubtedly influence my re-establishment in society after my release. But imprisonment has also left a mark which is the result of emotional disturbances. No man can be denied the companionship of his wife and family for an extended period of time without it having some effect on him. All in all, I would say that the good and bad to be derived from any length of time in prison is fairly evenly balanced, however, it all depends upon the individual.

SEVENTH ANSWER:— Inmate, age 27. Serving two years. I for one feel that I have gained from my incarceration. But I feel that there comes a point in a man's incarceration where further time will be harmful. At this point, a man is ready to meet society on equal terms. However, if he is confined beyond this point he withdraws against society. That is why I feel that there should be a revision of the Ticket-of-Leave Act, or the set-up of a Federal Parole Board, so that a man can be considered for release at this point in his sentence.

EIGHTH ANSWER:— At first sight this question appears idiotic does it not? That was my first reaction to it, but here, when I face up to it, I reluctantly admit I have gained.

First of all there is nothing that can replace or pay a man for loss of his freedom. But I have made the best of it.

I have taken two correspondence courses and done plenty of studying. This way I have bettered myself, but the freedom, well, when I leave, it will mean something to me.

ANSWER NINE:— The vocational training plan here has done me a lot of good. When I leave here, I will have a trade to carry on with. And I also have met some fairly decent chaps to help pass the time with. Strangely enough, the time has gone rather well, but I have done plenty of studying, great place to get your thoughts straight too.

TENTH ANSWER:— **Inmate, age 29. Serving three years.** I am leaving here with a fourth engineer's papers. I did not have them when I came in, so this is a gain. My freedom of course, is a loss, but maybe one out-weighs the other. I should think I have gained. At any rate, thanks for giving me something to think about.



INSIDE THE WALL

By M. Keyes

PEOPLE who have never been in a penitentiary, (socially, that is,) usually have pre-conceived ideas of the type of person who is unfortunate enough to find himself on the wrong side of the wall.

Most of these impressions stem from a certain class of movie, lurid "crime" magazines, and some T.V. plays.

The "criminal" type is generally pictured as a hulking Neanderthal, with a low hair-line and a mentality to go with it. If he talks at all, it is always in a series of monosyllabic grunts, with a liberal sprinkling of "dese, dem, and dose."

Granted, you will find that this unflattering picture does depict inmates in our Federal penitentiaries — however, it also covers a certain percentage of our free citizens. To my knowledge, science has not yet found a connecting link between a person's physical appearance and his mental processes.

In our penitentiaries you will find a representative cross-section of any Canadian town or city.

Some are well-travelled, cultured, and obviously able to cope with any situation that might arise in any strata of our rather complicated society.

On the other side of the scale we have our boors, illiterates, people who would be the

same regardless of where they might be.

During the time we have been here, we have worked with, and talked with a great number of inmates — consequently, at the risk of sounding somewhat pompous, we have a fairly accurate picture of prison life.

Before continuing, we wish to make clear to you, that this brief article does not pretend to be, or is not intended to be a treatise on any moral issue. It is intended solely to point out to you that "prisoners are people."

When we, who are in "residence" here, arrive to begin our sentences, we do not check our skills, hobbies, and personalities at the gate; they remain with us.

Man must have some form of self-expression. In prison, this facet of an inmates life is doubly important. Here at the Bay, we have extremely skilled workers in leather, wood-work, shell-craft and devotees of other equally interesting hobbies.

Numbered (I use the term literally) among our inmate population are salesmen, truck-drivers, farmers miners, clerks, professional men, and nearly every trade or profession you can name, (and also a few that are not too well-known to the public.)

Inmates are avid readers—especially travel stories—whether this is a form of escapism or due to the fact that in their contacts with the law, they have been forced to move swiftly and far afield, I am unable to say.

The only way we inmates are able to give you, the reader, a picture of life behind the walls, is through the medium of penal press. In Collin's Bay, we are fortunate in that the staff of the Diamond is given a comparatively free hand editorially by the administration, and through their co-operation, we shall endeavour to point out to you that "prisoners are people."

School for Convicts

W. Huddleston

OF recent date many stories have appeared in newspapers and periodicals dealing with Training Schools and the various methods used in treating youngsters assigned to them.

I have followed these articles with great interest, because my escapades have taken me from training schools, reformatories, and, finally, a Federal penitentiary.

Many people have been blamed for the gradual increase in juvenile delinquency, in fact, they have exhausted the supply of people upon whom to blame, the failure of our method of dealing with the delinquency problem.

We shall take myself as an example. My father was taken into the army at the beginning of World War II. My mother found it extremely difficult to exist on the allowance allotted to her from the government. Consequently she sought employment in a local war-plant. This left my sister and myself to shift for ourselves and the result was inevitable. Absenteeism from school, general mischief, and my appearance in Juvenile Court.

There was no warning of what would happen if I continued to misbehave. However, it was not long after that I was sent to the Bowmanville Training School for Boys. The so-called experts blamed my parents, but I cannot accept such a theory.

I was not yet in my teens when I entered Bowmanville. At that time I had not even finished public school. My mother told me I would be with boys my own age and would also be able to finish my elementary school education.

After a few weeks at the Training School, being a pretty husky lad for a kid thirteen years of age, I was sent to work on a farm.

This action finished my education, and like many a lad my age, going to school was not important. It does not take long to find out that you are being ostracized by the other boys and girls. Your life becomes one of work and sheer loneliness and you wish you were back in the Training School with boys of your own type.

The steady work and the loneliness continued until one day I found myself on the highway heading home to my Mother, the one true friend a fellow has. I had only been home a few days when a Training School officer came and returned me to the School. The punishment is not so terrible for the so-called escape. I was bent over a chair (less trousers) and soundly paddled a few times with a strap. It is quite painful for a while until the pain subsides, and then a flickering of hate starts, and in time it increases to the point of wanting to escape again. That is the exact plan I followed. A few days later I was arrested and sent to Guelph Reformatory, having been considered an incorrigible.

Once in reformatory I ceased to be a kid, now I was a man. I slept in a cell, pushed a wheel-barrow on the "bull gang". My first infraction of the rules put me in the "hole" (solitary confinement) and sentenced to five strokes of the strap. The method was somewhat different then the Training School. I was medically examined and taken to a room where I was harnessed into a "machine". You are secured by straps around the ankles and wrists which are outstretched and then bared from knees to shoulders. A kidney belt is strapped on and a burly guard administers the called for number of strokes. This time there is no sting, it is real pain, and now your mind is set on one thing, revenge.

The time comes for your liberation from the reformatory, you have learned many ways to make a "fast buck", and in back of your mind is hatred and revenge. Upon arriving in your home town you find it has changed, your old buddies have grown up and moved away. There remains an outlet joining a crowd of hoodlums and would be "hard-rocks". It is the same old merry go-round until you end up in the penitentiary or stretch a rope from a gallows.

I am writing this from a penitentiary, having graduated from the Provincially run schools and institution to a Federal penitentiary. Now the question arises, what can be done? Permit me to expound my solution.

(Continued on next Page)

PROGRESSIVE PENOLOGY

PENOLOGISTS IN THE STATE of Wisconsin, in the United States have instituted a novel, but externally practical method to handle offenders convicted of misdemeanors. This revolutionary trend in modern penology dates from 1913, when the late Senator Henry A. Huber, justifiably annoyed at the lack of work done by prisoners in the country jails in Milwaukee County, suggested a plan whereby inmates were to be paroled to employers, usually farmers. These prisoners were chiefly vagrants and consequently proved to be unsatisfactory employees in most cases.

It was not until 1943 however, did the Act adopt its present plan of "work by day and jail by night." Judge Oscar J. Schmiede was very much aware of the fact that war plants were desperately in need of suitable labour, and discovering a number of skilled machinists in the county jails, decided to institute a "day parole" system by which prisoners not considered dangerous to society, could hold down a regular job outside and pay his keep in jail.

In one recent year, out of a total of 1648 prisoners, 1200 were self-supporting, a tremendous saving to the man who must shoulder the tax burden, the tax-payer.

This system has been highly endorsed by leading penologists in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Massachusetts are some of the more progressive and tax-conscious states that are fully in accord with the Huber Act of Wisconsin.

In the six years of 1949-55 inclusive prisoners in one county earned \$333,941.00 thus saving the county approx. \$202,317.00.

If such a plan was introduced in Canadian provinces, think of the tremendous savings that would result. It costs the government approx. \$4.00 per day to keep a prisoner in Canadian jails. Naturally this day parole would only apply to prisoners convicted of minor crimes, such as disorderly conduct, drunkenness etc. If the prisoner was unemployed at the time of his arrest, suitable employment could be found for him and his expenses could be deducted from his wage, the remainder turned over to his family, if unmarried, kept for him until his release.

Such a plan, if adopted in this country, would I feel sure, prove to be successful from the penologists point of view, and more important still, save the Canadian tax payers a great amount of money each year.

A Kitchener Ont. magistrate, has taken a step in the right direction by having two men whom he had sentenced, report to the local jail every night to sleep, and carry on with their regular jobs.

Criminalologists say that there is at least one officer in the British Army who will not consider this plan as being of fairly recent origin.

After the capture of Jerusalem by the British in World War I, a Scot was placed in charge of the local jail. His prisoners were such staunch trenchermen that he hit upon the idea of sending them home to eat. It suddenly occurred to him that he was running a free hotel so naturally this was against his inherent sense of thrift, so he told the prisoners to get out and get jobs, and charged them room rent.

SCHOOL for CONVICTS--(Cont.)

If the Training Schools were turned into schools of education, where a young lad could complete his education, and consequently given the opportunity to apply for a scholarship if he has the ability and the desire to do so. During this training he should be clothed like other children and be permitted to participate in local sports that would make him proud of his school, rather than a hatred for all it signifies, that is when Juvenile Delinquency will show real signs of decreasing. Let the Training School youngsters have the chance to become a learned man rather than an ill taught being, who through the lack of education and schooling find themselves capable of being only truck-drivers, pick-and-shovel men or thieves. (I certainly mean no reflection upon truck-drivers or laborer.)

Here I sit, thirteen years after my entry into a Training School, and as I look around me, I see many of the same faces that I saw in Training School. Yes, dear reader, we are all graduates of the "Training School's For Convicts."

If our training schools were run on the principle of Military Academies, it would cost very little more. I almost positive that they would turn out scholars, men of medicine and science, men of sport, even men of theology, rather than men of crime.

Early Flights

THURSDAY afternoon, February 16th, Collin's Bay penitentiary. A lecture was delivered today by Dr. H.L. Tracy, head of the Department of Classics of Queen's University, Kingston Ont. Dr. Tracy's subject was, *The Early Days of Flying*.

All told there is to be a series of 5 lectures by prominent speakers and a variety of subjects of interest are to be covered. Dr. Tracy was introduced by Mr. Clarence Hogeboom, supervisor of the school and library dept. here in the Bay.

The speaker began by a reference to Greek mythology and the early efforts by the Greeks to become air-borne. However, although their aims had merit they were approaching the problem in the wrong way. The early idea of emulating the flight of birds, and as these (birds) were the only examples they had to go by, they naturally tried to copy their flight, result, failure.

In the eighteenth century man began experimenting with ballooons and finally attained free flight in a huge paper sphere. This was filled with hot air, created by an open fire in the gondola attached to the said paper bag. At this point Dr. Tracy enjoyed a real round of applause for the laugh he created by a reference to fire insurance while describing this early balloon.

Now he went on to mention experiments with gliders in France, Germany and Scotland and he told us about one early and enterprising Frenchman who took off from the roof of a high building in Paris, and met his death by colliding with a barge in mid-Seine.

Next along the experimental line was another Frenchman who made and sold a small model flying machine which used two feathers as a propeller. The propeller was elastically driven and the flights were short, but they proved man was not necessarily earth-bound. Man, he went on tried many ways to travel in the air, flapping wings, foot pedals and oars all to no successful end.

A native of Scotland, a glider fan, was

about to fit a four horse power engine in a glider, this was never attempted owing to the gentleman conducting the experiment being killed in a glider crash, this held up aviation for a few years.

The Wright brothers now came into the lecture by virtue of their historic first flight of six hundred feet. A point many people are ignorant of is the worry the Wright brothers had over controlling the machine once they managed to get it air-borne. Their early struggles were explained and the Doctor left us with this thought regarding the brothers Wright; they were sure they would succeed and though at times they became discouraged they kept right on.

Again gas filled air-craft came into the lecture and their shortcomings were discussed, also Dr. Tracy mentioned how ungainly they were and useless as bombing vehicles plus what good targets they were for gun-fire.

In the early days the superstitions of the people were an added hazard to the aeronauts, in many instances they smashed the machine up and left the pieces on the field, owing to the frailty of the first planes this was quite easy.

At this point, Dr. Tracy spoke about some of his personal experiences in the Royal Flying Corps during the 1914-18 conflict. He compared weights of horsepower in those days when it was eight lbs. per horsepower. And today science has brought the weight down to 1 lb. per horsepower, quite a change, what? Various types of motors were talked about, Radial engines, Rotary engines and the straight in line engine and the myriad troubles they all suffered from. Lubricating weakness was a bug-bear in those days and low grade fuel came in for its share of the blame.

The Doctor's flying instructions came in for some comment at this point and he soloed after 3½ hours of instruction. His first landing was very bumpy, in fact they gave him another machine for his second take-off, the second landing was also very rough, without waiting he took right off, luckily he took a look around on becoming air-borne and discovered he had lost his wheels. However he came in for a fairly good crash landing without doing too much damage to the plane.

He regaled us for too short a time with first war tales of the thrills and scares that came his way on photographic missions. He told us how a complete picture was made up from the

exposures taken from 15000 ft and the care that had to be shown regarding the laps, great strides have been made over the years in aerial photography.

Brooklands Race track was used as a flying field during the first war, and the hazards of this pioneer field was humorously explained to us. The Doctor told us of one of the first attempts to send messages from an aircraft to the ground, this took place when he was acting as an observer for a long range naval gun. The messages to air-craft from ground were a success but from air-craft to ground were a total washout. The fact that none of the first war pilots wore parachutes was jokingly dealt with

by the Doctor with the remark, "It wasn't considered sporting".

Doctor Tracy possesses a charming sense of humour and an engaging manner, he held his large audience spellbound for the length of his too short talk, he was deeply appreciated by the inmate population.

It is very difficult to adequately express the thanks of a group of men, but there is one very good way to assess the feelings of an institution and that is by the remarks made afterwards. And you may believe me Dr. Tracy we look forward to further lectures by you, we derived great enjoyment from your visit.

Readable Reprint

SOURCE: THE SPECTATOR; Jackson, Michigan, U.S.A. It makes us sick and tired to hear the occasional stories of mental midgets who announce their desire to be returned to the "luxury and ease" of prison. Every so often, the public press seizes upon the utterances of some blithering idiot in such tenor, and it's about time we expressed our thoughts in the matter.

At the outset of this discourse, let us admit that, for some, prison offers a life of comparative comfort and protective shelter. All of us know that there are a few poor human beings who, in prison, are better off than they would be on the "outside". But, even from the abyss of ignominy, we raise the 'plaint that such a statement is true of only the most minute portion of prison populations.

The regimen, the regimentation, the abnormality of living, the deprivation of personal privacy and privilege, the rotten realization of personal failure, and the loss of individual identity, all of which mark prison existence, are, of themselves, only a few of the reasons that make prison repugnant to anyone in full possession of his "marbles". To anyone gullible enough to believe that any prison is a Shangri-La, we offer the word of those who know best that such a claim is downright ridiculous.

Certainly there are SOME who are better off in prison. There are also some who would be better off in the almshouse, or would be better off in an asylum, or who would be better off in a cemetery. But it's a reflection on our way of living to believe that any healthy, sane and serious man would be better off in prison. It's a slander upon the intelligence of the public to expect them to believe that their money is being dissipated to provide luxurious surroundings and easy-chair comfort for the men who have broken the laws of the land.

KAMPUS KWEERIES (Continued)

Dear Tess:

Thank you for your kindly interest in my column. Now the suave writing stops. Say you dope, I happen to be of the male gender, so stow the mush!! Put your handkerchief in your hip pocket — carrying it in your shirt pocket or up your sleeve will get you nowhere, but fast. On what line do you wish the frankfurters served? Sideline, by-line, mainline, skyline, clothes line, pipe line, gas line, fine line, straight line or timber-line? Please be specific and cut out writing to me, its too risky. I'll be in the yard on Monday, October 15th, 1956.

Disgusted Marshall.

For the readers only, I graduate October 12, 1956.

Dear "Jet" Marshall:

I heard that Rocket Richard spent last summer over in Russia, teaching the late Stalin's disciples how to handle the puck. Is this true?

(Signed) KOMRAD

Dear Monsieur Coco:

Please be careful how you use that word "Komrad". Even your lousy spelling does not disguise the Party Salute! I heard that Rocket went to Russia to learn how to handle third base for the Toronto Maple Leafs. Next summer if he is not careful he will be first baseman for the Sinners of C.B. or left tackle for the Hamilton Ti-Cats.

Com (I mean) The Marshall

SATIRE ON "ELECTION DAY"

Marshall Tripp

WHAT a day, oh! what a day in good old Collin's Bay! Everybody happy, a huge smile on every face, lots of backslapping, and the occasional whisper of "Vote for me, kid, and you will always have your pants pressed" or "slip a vote for me, old boy — a jar of jam in every cell" and many more promises too numerous to mention at this time.

To you, dear Reader on the outside, we explain that once each year a committee of five men is elected to represent the inmate body. Now you know the reason for election day. But of course I, The Marshall, would see it in a different light. You see, I am not supposed to be serious about anything. That is why the editor has me around the office. So here goes!

It was close to 1.00 p.m. on February 21st, 1956, and approximately four hundred and thirty inmates were standing, faces pressed to the iron bars of their cells, a white sheet of paper in one hand and a food tray (the tray was empty) in the other — we hope! The work bell sounds and an orderly, vote-maddened mob, eyes agleam in anticipation, files past the ballot box and some of them in their excitement try to stuff the food tray in the box instead of the ballot, because this was the first vote many of them had ever had, inside or outside.

Standing in great readiness at the barrier are seventeen men, tried and true, all wanting the position of committee member. Shrill goes the starting whistle — the barrier is down — away like greyhounds (not busses, more of the dog type) they go! On the straightaway its Donnie at the rail. Following a close second is Jake (he had to be second because he was tied to Donnie). Riding on the outside was "4242", putting in a bid for second spot ahead of Jake. Sneaking up, but riding on top of the rail was "projectionist" — he's seldom on the ground anyway — and followed by "Tall Irish Obbie". By using a pickle jar as a pair of binoculars (loaned to me by Stein and Burney in the tailor shop) off in the distance and through

the dust-laden snow on Track One, came the "Sarnia Big Boy" (he sure wields a mean broom). Following him into the backstretch was "Sure-Thing Bullet-Head", but instead of putting his efforts into running, he was shouting "if I am elected this joint will be different — that's for damn sure!" Now, just rounding the first turn and starting to show signs of falling into a slump, came "Rum Boy" — so named after that popular brand of potent beverage. It was he who told me, just before the race, that his uncle's hay crop in Sarnia last year was so short that he had to lather it to mow it.

Away in the distance and even off the track altogether came a couple of laggards that I had placed a bet on — "The Irish Carpenter" and "Vocational Wallie". These two should have been mudders because by now that dirty snow had melted. From out of the smog came a lone runner — "Souper Serve Fred". The big dope did not seem to realize that it was not necessary to carry his soup dixie and ladle. That noon-hour he was telling me — with one hand on his hip, very ladylike — that he was allergic to light bills, and said "I must be getting hydrophobia, dearie — you know, from the Greek phobus — fear of, and hydro.

Coming around and into the big stretch (by girdle) and leading by about two-thirds of the votes, came the Cobra — pardon me — Donnie, and still tied to him was Jackie, dog-tired, forlorn and unshaven, crying in a plaintive voice "we will have good umpires, or else" and Donnie shouting back at him "shut up, idiot — wait until we cross the finish line". 4242 is still jockeying for second place, shouting "vive le Rolly from the bush", but during his shouting, the "Irish Kid Obbie" sneaked past 4242 and into third position. By this time "Projectionist" has a focus on second or third place, and is even willing to sell either 20th Century Fox or M.G.M. just to get in the show. Maybe he will rank in somewhere.

By this time "Sarnia Big Boy" is so tired he leaned on his mop handle. It broke, and

guess he is still sleeping on the last turn. Do you know that he was telling me that when he was coming to Collin's Bay the sheriff told him they would be riding a pool train, so he went out and bought bathing trunks.

Now through my ice-coated binoculars, splattered with mud, I could faintly distinguish "Rum Boy Morg" taking his last snort before sinking into a pile of books. And still at the first turn, still standing but very defiant was "Bullet-Head", still shouting like a mad-dened bull in Mexico City — mad because the bullfighters had gone on strike — "if I am elected its for damn sure this joint will be different".

Standing in breathless awe and admiration, clapping noisily, were "The Irish Carpenter" and "Vocational Wallie". In taking one last look around the track, out there in the backstretch, and all alone, sat the "Soup Server" beating Hades out of the soup dixie with the ladle and singing "It's the Change Room Clerk I Love".

If I have missed any of the contestants it is because they forgot to jump over the bar-

riers, or they did not follow the simple rules laid down prior to the races:-

1. Light a stale old cigar from Xmas time
2. Blow smoke through mouth and nose
3. Blow smoke through ears
4. If you can still see the barrier, light both ends of cigar
5. Presto, Fog, and Smog, No race.

Just as I am leaving the track I see Rick the barber on his horse, Hoop-N-Koff, lariat in hand, longlooped, dashing around the track trying to lassoe Fatso George, who was headed out to join "Soup Server" in singing. (They should handcuff Fatso George to a drier in the Change Room.)

Well, as Whistler said when he found his mother on her hands and knees, scrubbing the floor — "are you off your rocker"? 4242 told me to say that.

By looking elsewhere in this glorious "Diamond" you will find the results of election day in Collin's Bay. You see, my assumption may not be correct. Bye now.

Easter, the Queen of Festivals



One often hears the question, "What is life?" and the general impression is that life consists of days and years on earth. This is, of course, only a small part of the answer.

Easter teaches us that life is an experience which includes a physical and spiritual existence. Jesus lived for thirty-three years in an earthly way, but life did not finish with the Crucifixion. Jesus rose from the dead and lived beyond a physical life. Hence there is immortality for all. We will live beyond our earthly span. Easter is the guarantee of this truth.

St. Paul always thought of death in the soldier's language. He spoke about it as victory won-earthly life overcome so that spiritual life may be enjoyed without the trials and problems of the years on earth. He conceived of the spiritual life starting on earth and continuing eternally. That which we call death was simply the changing point.

Easter brings a message of comfort when we realize that all who have gone before are still living for God's plan and God's gift are always life. It is life here and there, it is life now and life then, but it is always life.

The challenge of Easter is to live in this physical life what we might prepare ourselves for that immortal life. It should be with God here and with God always.

W.S. MINTO SWAN.



Readable Reprint

POST~RELEASE EMPLOYMENT FOR EX~INMATES

R. Morissetti

M. Keyes



A further step toward the eventual rehabilitation of ex-inmates of our Federal Penitentiaries has been instituted at Collin's Bay recently.

Giving the first of a series of lectures dealing with the very real problem facing nearly every inmate upon his release, was Mr. C.C. Brooks, prominent National Employment Service official.

Mr. Brooks began the first of the series with a brief, but graphic, outline of the history of the National Employment Service, beginning with the depression-ridden thirties. The overall national employment picture was extremely dark, and the problem was one of stabilizing all labour and of finding some way of alleviating the distress caused by unemployment.

Many families, through pride, were reluctant to accept relief, and consequently this factor was instrumental in the formation of The Unemployment Insurance Commission and The National Employment Service as we know it today.

Representatives were sent out to various countries to study labour distribution and the handling of seasonal unemployment. Thus with this foundation The Unemployment Insurance Commission and The National Employment Service was started in July of 1941.

Ottawa is the nerve centre of the five regional offices and of approximately 250 local offices.

These local offices are sectionalized, one department looking after the prospective employee, and another section is devoted to the payment of unemployment insurance and its related phases. Each local office has a veterans department and also one that handles executive and professional personnel. There is an-

other special branch under which the released, or about-to-be-released, inmate is classified. This is the special placement division dealing exclusively with people who are considered to have an occupational handicap. This section may be divided into four classifications —

- (1) Youths who have no experience
- (2) Older group near or over retirement age
- (3) Physically and mentally handicapped
- (4) Inmates

Naturally, being inmates, we are unable to secure interviews with prospective employers. This National Employment Service is to prepare the inmate for a job upon release and contact employers three to six weeks prior to his release.

The National Employment officer will get all available information on the work areas to which the inmate may wish to go. He will also notify the local N.E.S. Office of the inmate's arrival.

If a suitable position is found, the inmate must agree to allow the National Employment Service to disclose the fact that he has served a term in the penitentiary to the future employer. This is done to avoid any embarrassment that might result at a later date when applying for an Unemployment Insurance Book, or when he is asked for a previous employment record.

This has worked satisfactorily in most cases. However, human nature being what it is, there are a few entries on the debt side of the employment ledger.

Mr. Wilson, of the head office in Ottawa, at a recent lecture at the Staff College at Calder-

wood, pointed out the draw-backs encountered in securing employment for some inmates, namely —

- (1) Inmates failed to report to prospective employer.
- (2) Having little sense of responsibility.
- (3) Appearance and personality.
- (4) High percentage of inmates wish to become truck-drivers. However, bonding regulations will not permit this in most cases.
- (5) Employers are hesitant about employing ex-inmates.
- (6) Placement is difficult during Fall and Winter.

In concluding his address, Mr. Brooks emphasized the fact that extremely close cooper-

ation was required between National Employment Service and the institution. He also stressed the fact that the inmate himself must cooperate fully.

Mr. Brooks also pointed out that the National Employment Service dealt with both union and non-union employers. Some unions, however, do not recognize training received in penitentiaries. However, the point was also made that employers are interested mainly in fully qualified tradesmen. If a vocational trainee completes his course successfully, he should not have too much difficulty in obtaining employment suitable for his qualifications.

On February 29th, a discussion forum will be held. At this time Mr. Brooks will answer any questions the inmate body may have regarding post-release employment.

THE HUMANE COMMUNISTS . . .

This article was taken from the Canadian Jewish Journal, Feb. 3 1956, "Warsaw Converts Burial Ground To Soccer Field."

The communist municipality of Warsaw has assigned giant earth-moving machinery to level the ground for a soccer sports field at a site where many Jewish martyrs of the Warsaw ghetto found their last resting place.

The entrance to the area is at 43 Okopowa Street, near the border between the Nazi ghetto, and the Aryan part of the Polish capital. During the German occupation, a pre-war sports arena located there was used by the S.C. for mass executions, and to dump the bodies of uncounted Jews killed elsewhere in the city, notably during the heroic uprising of 1943.

Now the city administration has transferred the arena to the Polish "Start" sports club; which plans to restore the former soccer field, the visitors report. News of the project has been received with horror and outrage by the 5,000 avowed Jews who now reside in Warsaw, the report said.

From the same Journal, same date:

Jerusalem—The courageous battle of the Dutch people to save the Jews in Holland during the Nazi occupation and their generally high humanitarian principles will never be forgotten by the Jews of the world. Moshe Sharret, Israel's Foreign Minister, declared here at a state banquet in the home of a visiting party of Dutch parliamentary deputies.



AN EASTER MESSAGE



In the cycle of the yearly Feasts of the Church, Easter holds the most important place, for it was the Resurrection of Christ, the Son of God, that placed the seal of Divine confirmation on our Faith. So the ancient Easter message is as true now as it was on that first great day that followed the tragedy and gloom of Good Friday, and it is especially applicable to our men here. The cure for the gloom and discouragement in this limbo of confinement lies basically in the action of Dismas the Good Thief. He cast his glance and then his heart towards the Founder of our Faith and the One who could help him most. History tells the reception he received.

*F.M. DEVINE, S.J.
Catholic Chaplain.*

Editor's

Musings

HERE we are about to celebrate our fifth anniversary, five years we have been a member of the Penal Press. At times we have been severely criticized and upbraided but we have managed to grow. The criticism has helped us to correct many of our faults and the upbraiding has helped us to become more tolerant. And while we are on the subject of anniversaries we wish to extend hearty greetings to The Pathfinder staff, they are one month older than we are. To the Editor John F. Hunter and the Associate Editor Gordon A. Boehner may we compliment you on the sterling job you are both doing, we read your issues from cover to cover and always find plenty to give us food for thought. A spray of Orchids for your efforts.

We have a new staff member on the Diamond, a newcomer to the Bay, his name, Bill Jones and his first offering will be found in this issue under the title, What Do They Do? This is his first venture in the Penal Press, however we expect great things from Bill. We trust you will enjoy his work.

The Dale Carnegie course is progressing nicely and is playing havoc with this writer's nasty disposition, for years and years we have known about this great organization but like everything else we discounted it. Now we are taking the course and we are amazed at the zest for life we have picked up, and in such a short time, as the course goes on we shall let our public know how we are gaining by it. For gain we must.

We saw a coffee table today, made by an inmate in his spare time. This is his hobby, the table was a masterpiece and held us spellbound. The wood was a rich mahogany, the carpentry was perfect and the finish would do justice to any top-flight cabinet finisher, it was a work of art. As a matter of fact most of the hobby-craft done here is of high quality.

Two weeks ago the Bay population was given a real treat. This was in the form of a talk on the English language. The speaker was Mr. Arnold Edinborough, Editor of the Kingston Whig Standard, he is a delightful and ac-

complished speaker and held his audience spellbound. We extend the thanks of the inmate group to Mr. Edinborough at this time and hope he will visit us again shortly. It is indeed wonderful that a busy man of this caliber finds time to visit a penitentiary to lecture inmates and it is the truth when we say he was appreciated.

Little Al the ex committee man is now holding the Radio Room job down. And this leads into a remark he made on taking over, we quote, "Just show me where the Western records are, that's all I need to run this job." "Some of the long hairs will be crying now. But we are sure of one thing, this lad will do well on the job, lots of luck Senator.

And in the way of changes, Ralph the ex-radio room operator is presently employed in the canteen where he shall do very well we are sure, best of luck Skinny.

We wish to say how much the Diamond appreciates the co-operation of everyone and the help extended by inmates and the various heads of departments during our recent photography expedition around the institution, this was in connection with the Inside Collin's Bay Series. Without the help of one and all the series would not have been possible.

The umpire's school is in operation again this spring and judging by the number of embryo umps there should be enough to last the season. Remember fellows you must be a Solomon and also possess the qualities of an ambassador to be a success as an umpire.

If any of our readers have a favourite charity they feel could stand some publicity we will be only too pleased to give them space. We reach right across Canada and deep into the United States. All we ask is that they send the complete details we'll do the rest.

One of the officers here in the Bay is devoting his Saturday afternoons to act as the graduate instructor on the Dale Carnegie Public Speaking course. This is deeply appreciated by all the chaps taking this study and for them we say, thanks a million Mr. C. Chitty.

And we better give our heartiest thanks to the people we annoy daily to open doors for us, we know we are nuisances and all that but we take this opportunity to say, thanks from the Diamond staff.

Here is something we watched over a period of some weeks, a bedraggled cat entered the walls, how, we know not. He was dirty, thin, and unapproachable. However one of the cleaners took possession of him and after a bath and a general overhaul the cat today is a sight to behold. There should be a moral to this but we are going to leave it to your imagination,

WORDS

M KEYES

HAVE you ever stopped to think of the magic, of the power, the most simple words, when properly chosen and arranged, convey to people?

Man has developed the highly complex methods of communications in use in our modern world of to-day. Radio, telephones, telegraphs, are all examples of man's technical skills. All these mechanical devices are useless—unless man learns to converse intelligently and amicably about such vital and tremendously important matters such as co-existence, stock-piling of atomic and hydrogen bombs, and world peace.

Having the ability to be able to communicate our thoughts to others is part of our social and business life. You have probably had the experience of instinctively knowing something, but when trying to express your thoughts clearly, have had to search for the proper word or phrase.

Isn't it much more satisfying to receive a letter that creates a vivid word-picture, rather than one that is filled with trite, limp phrases?

A skilled writer or conversationalist develops a keen perception and sensitivity for words without resorting to a dictionary. This faculty can be acquired. Does the word say what we are trying to express? Is it appropriate?

Forceful, colourful words are excellent—if used properly. The danger lies in the number of times they are used. If they are used too frequently they lose their dynamic qualities

we asked Jock the cat and he had no comment to make.

Today we enjoyed a talk on Frederick Banting the discoverer of insulin. The talk was given by Dr. Ettinger the Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, Queen's University, Kingston. A very complete and enlightening talk, we trust we shall hear from this speaker again in the near future.

In passing two of the staff of the Diamond celebrate their birthdays this month along with the Diamond. Well bye bye 'til next month.

and consequently must have the support of other adjectives or adverbs.

Naturally, a person with a broad vocabulary is much more capable of expressing himself clearly and simply than one who strives for flowery phrases and stilted, awkward sentences.

A writer's primary objective is to convey an idea to his readers without having any obstacle to interrupt the continuity or flow of thought.

New words are being added to our language constantly—words that are new and shining—words that still have the lustre of a newly-minted coin. If we did not accept such words, we would soon experience difficulty in communicating with each other. A language barrier would be set up that would be extremely difficult to overcome. We must use new words that express our current mode of life.

Basically, we must have three qualities in words: accuracy, clarity and simplicity. This is especially desirable in writing for any publication. Readers will not take the time or be sufficiently interested in your ideas if they are hidden behind excess verbiage.

We, of the penal press circuit will do well to remember that even if our articles are not all literary gems, they should have a cohesive train of thought and a simplicity of style that will appeal to the readers.

Many would-be contributors of articles to penal magazines are hesitant to send in articles because of fear or ridicule. If the article is written clearly, accurately and simply, and is of general interest to the inmate body and to the subscribers on the outside, it certainly should be sent in to the editors.

Penal magazines are the only means available to give the public a true picture of our life behind the walls.

Listen Here

I Am "THE EAR"

By Buddy Bluster

I should start this month with an April fool joke but instead I shall ask the Editor if there is any truth in the story about him and the time he was in Holland, and where did they get wooden shoes to fit him?.....There is a chap in our midst who informed me all about the small type in lease contracts, he ended up heating the whole west end of Toronto. It seems he was running a beauty parlor.....There is another chap, currently employed in the Barber Shop who is boasting to his friends that he has never made the Ear, well WOO WOO this time I shall do it this way, if you persist I shall give your name, so behave yourself.....Hey, Grandpa, what happened to your job, I hear you are now engaged in greasing trucks, tut, tut.....What's this I hear about Fuses Fields in the Electrical shop, is it true that you blew the fuses in the torch you were carrying for Babs.....The Bullet Headed one nearly lost one of his heads t'other day, however a good samaritan chanced upon the scene and saved him from being reduced to 2½%... Quietness is a necessity in I-D and I-B ranges these days, seems there is a chappie with a bad set of nerves, it also appears he has difficulty seeing the Head Mawster. Just another Chronic Complainer.....4212 commonly know as "Dance With Me Henry" has moved to an upper apartment, not rent this time was it?.....What's in a name, a rose by any other name would smell.....The Marshall is quite an expert on, of all things, girls, to hear him hold forth is really something..... Someone was trying to tell me we have a meat pie expert in our happy circle....4388 please refrain from talking during the movies and lectures, save your conversation for later, thank you....Saw Harry the Horse making a halter the other noon, he must be getting ready to leave us....I hear you have a new friend Fatso George is this so?....Jock the Cat is about to write for a ticket of leave, his reasons, there's no percentage in spending

his life in jail....The Cabin Boy is now swabbing decks in the main hall, I wonder what happened in the Barber Shoppe?....Coco is becoming quite the man on the committee, keep up the good work Coco the boys know you are in there pitching and the lads certainly appreciate you....Bruno has a new chum too, didn't think I knew eh?....I hear Stein the tailor met a real bridge player in the form of Bill Jones....I hear a newcomer was after the Marshall's job of writing the Marshall's column, keep it up Normie, maybe you will succeed....I meet some goofy people in the course of a day but the ones that amaze me are the constant criers. They laughed and scratched while they were getting away with their illegal transaction, but now, what a change....Attention Freddie in the Kitchen it is bad enough waving your handkerchief at the Marshall but why try to give him two bowls of soup at noon?....Wow what happened to the Editor's pipe on Sunday Feb.25 /56 and what he said nearly curled my hair!I understand Humphrey was changed to the main food factory because he was having difficulty carrying all that weight over to the small kitchen....Who is the girl Flo the Crow is always talking about?....Sorry Rick-ey I have nothing worthwhile to print about you this month, seems you have been behaving too well, or are you careful...There was a Gin Rummy game in A-3 the other noche (night) and Rocco had some of the fine points of the sport shown to him by our Editor, what say Roe?....I get a quiet kick out of the so called geniuses who are always straightening out the books here and there in the institution. I wonder how the place ever ran before they were sentenced and what will happen when they leave, ah me?....I heard an argument last eve as to which were superior the Irish or the Italians, Ho, Ho, Ho, as if there could ever be any doubt as to which is which, eh?... He of the Radiogenic voice (Al. Corrie) was wondering what he was going to talk about

at the Dale Carnegie session, he claims he is limited because he is so truthful....Are the cigars you smoke made out of leather Brock, they smell like it....Hey Jerrie how about telling us the balance of the story you started the other day when you were in the Diamond office....I hear Jack from the Electrical shop is quite the Radio trouble shooter....McCarthy, what's the idea of sending requests such as "My Heart Cries For You" to our new committee man....MacSan is going great guns these days, I hear you want to move out of the Dorm, away from your advisers. I don't blame you Mac. The smallness of some of the complaints are laughable, we cant eat

baseballs, this took a lot of thought....Harw....got cheated on the weiners too....Porkchop, (Nipper, Ti-Pine.) is running a rental agency....I wonder how the character felt when Ralph the Radio Room operator caught him yelling out his door re the radio..What's with the squinty eyed character I see looking over the Radio knobs in the Radio Room these days....What's happened to our cantten man these days, getting up at five thirty of late....Who is it they are accusing of using his managerial talents to stay on the water?....Well I got through the seventeenth of March safely, alas no one sent me a shamrock....See you all next month my Friendlies.



A TALL TALE

THE MARSHALL

WITH a few moments to spare from my regular duties in the Change Room office, upon requesting permission from the Officer and receiving same, I meandered up to the Diamond Office, went in and sat down at my desk, planning to complete a story I had been preparing for the April issue, when from the Inner Sanctum came the sonorous voice of Sophocles Downs (as many of you may know Sophocles was a great Greek Poet and writer of Tragedies.) saying, "Well what do you want Bird Brain". I strolled nonchalantly into the office and parked my quivering body, saying, "Nothing Chief, just came in to finish a story,," after some moments of seeming cogitation, Old Sophocles looked up from the blank piece of paper he had been studying, with some rancour he expostulated "Did I ever tell you about my Upper Mongolian Pony named "Asha-Tupp?" The great fear in which all the Staff live, I immediately and meekly replied "No Sir." and here's what he told me:

It was back in the early 40's (he did not mention what century) while I was prowling around the Lower reaches of the Upper Braquette, or was it the Upper reaches of the Lower Braquette, anyway, my one man expedition into this wild and loathesome area had been sponsored by the "Baron Munchausen Society" ((European Liars Club) they were extremely anxious to complete a research on

Lizards Gizzards, my outer Mongolian pony Asha-Tupp. (I named him that, because he reminded me so much of my wife) being my only companion. We became very attached to one another, "By the way, Marshall, have you ever been hungry enough to eat a horse?" and would you stop to butter it? Because I have actually eaten one, right there on the hoof.

To make a long story—as well as a long expedition—short, our food ran out or would have run out if I had remembered to bring some. So after about fifteen days and eleven nights without a drop to eat or a morsel to drink. Asha-Tupp looked at me and by chance caught me looking him over, obviously, it was now or never. I pounced on the poor Outer Mongolian pony, and devoured him. Realizing only when I had got him down that he must have been an Inner Mongolian pony.

In a very short time there came a very agonizing rumble in my stomach, I couldn't stand it, I kept going "St-r-r-rp St-r-r-rp" it was then that I remembered my neglect to remove the Stirrups.

Ever since that time I have been very fussy about my food, having gone in for garnishes, seasonings, in and out of season, Sauces always sauces,—and don't give me any of your sauce.

Having lost my Lizard Lasso, sat down in great remorse, for it was then that I remembered — Lizards have no Gizzards—.....

Me, I just got up from my chair left the office as graceful as possible leaving our dear Editor old Sophocles Downs, wending my weary way back to the Change Room, Thinking out loud "Maybe its me that is Squirrel Bait".

- SPORTS IN THE BAY -

With Stobby & Ben.

HERE it is the 15th of March. Lots of snow, with a chilly day now and then. We pick up our earphones. Blow me down if the Big Leagues aren't kicking up the dust in Florida! Listening to the games gives one the urge to get out on our own diamond.

The Committee got busy and started bridge, euchre, checkers and chess tournaments to keep the boys busy. Of course prizes are forthcoming in the form of chocolates and smokes. That means an incentive to the inmate to get in a game and go all out. As the series progresses, we will print the results.

From here on every Tuesday and Thursday an umpire class is held in the Auditorium. The instructor is Al Corrie, and he sure knows his job. At this writing, sixteen men are enrolled. They receive oral instruction and also dig in for actual work. A diamond has been laid out on the floor of the auditorium, with Donnie McLean and Jake Isenberg assisting Al Corrie, and the student umps are put through the paces. This course is based on professional rule books and should produce some mighty good umpires. When this becomes known to the outside, it is possible that the renowned Al Burlich, umpire of The National League, may come up for a refresher course. That, of course, would cause Bill Somers of The American League to become envious, and even jealous. So to get to Collin's Bay Umpire School he is liable to stick up the Polo Grounds ticket office, then dash up to the front gate of C.B. calling for two years or nothing—just to get in on the course!

The Committee are doing a mighty fine job for sports — this coming season should be a good one. What makes everybody quite happy is that Al Corrie, last year's committeeman,

is pitching right in with Donnie and Jake. Guess it will always be the same, though—wherever Donnie goes, our Jake is sure to follow. Am wondering what it is? Some of these days the Diamond is going to put our would-be mystery and murder writer, "Half-Baked" Billington on the job. He would solve the mystery of the close attachment of Jake to Donnie — or would he?

The handball courts are in constant use, even in the cold weather. This only goes to prove the inmates like sports, winter or summer. Some of the chaps carry on weight-lifting all through the winter. Guess they are trying to put something between the ears as well as on the biceps. Oh well, if they seem happy, let them alone.

If the volleyball court has no more than a couple of feet of snow on it, you will see scrub teams getting ready for the spring meet. As for hockey, C.B. does not as yet have the equipment or facilities. Who knows? Your writer may read about hockey in Collin's Bay next winter. You will note I said "read".

Should I spend time writing about present-day sporting events? By the time this goes to press the item is forgotten. The Diamond does not like to forecast coming events such as the Kingston Goodyears and Cornwall hockey series. It would only cause the inmates to gamble. The Diamond editor, Charles Downs, has been right so often that we will not get too deep into it. The Kingston Goodyears have a good team and we... whoa up. As for The National Hockey League, it is understood that the... Stop! Desist! But we can give you the score of the first game the Toronto Maple Leafs play before the game starts. Any bets?

According to the theory of aerodynamics and as may be readily demonstrated through wind tunnel experiments, the bumblebee is unable to fly. This is because the size, weight and shape of his body in relation to the total wingspread make flying impossible. But the bumblebee, being ignorant of these scientific truths, goes ahead and flies anyway... and makes a little honey each day.

ATHLETE of the YEAR

The picture accompanying this article is of Mr. James Edmunds, the Physical Training Instructor of Collin's Bay.

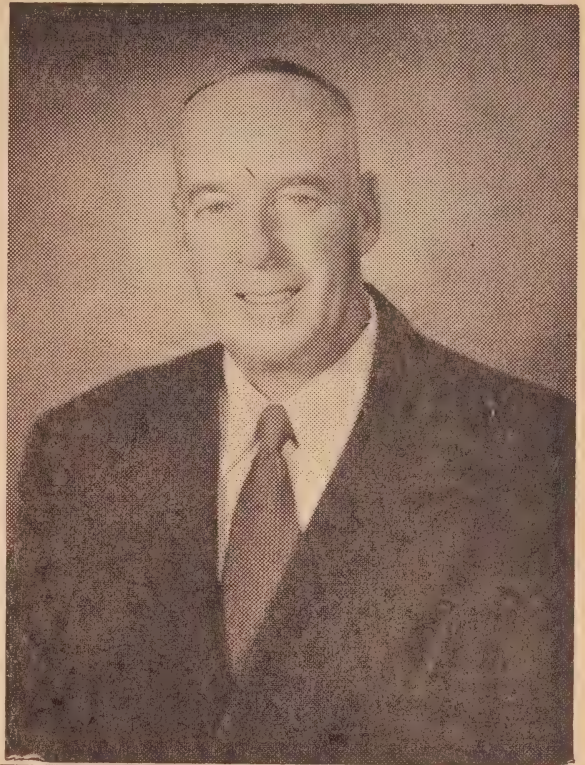
Mr. Edmunds added recently further laurels to his crown this month by being chosen by the Kingston district as the Athlete of the Year.

Mr. Edmunds gained fame last summer by nearly conquering Lake Ontario. He had traversed twenty-seven and three-quarters miles when he was forced to withdraw by a violent storm. Previously, in training, Mr. Edmunds had swam one hundred miles.

This would be a feat for any man, but please consider this man was born September 24th, 1904, and if our arithmetic is correct, he was fifty-one years of age when this happened. Is this or is this not a real accomplishment?

A special representative of the Diamond, in an interview with Mr. Edmunds and his able manager Mr. H. Lundy, gleaned the fol-

lowing statement. "I shall try Lake Ontario next summer, and I feel perfectly confident that I can complete the trip, but, if I don't, it will not be for lack of trying". We under-



stand Mr. Edmunds is looking for a sponsor, and we know of no one we would rather see conquer the lake.

So from the Diamond staff to Mr. Edmunds, all best wishes!

WALLED TREE

There's a tree within these walls,
Standing alone until Spring calls,
And in the Spring it's branches hold,
Nests uncounted, eggs untold.

Comes the Autumn the young birds flee,
Southward 'cross the inland sea,
The song has gone, denuded of leaves,
Throughout the Winter the lone tree grieves.

To quietly pass the Winter long,
Waiting for the return of song,
And earth again will gently blush,
When nature wields her fertile brush.

Gunner.

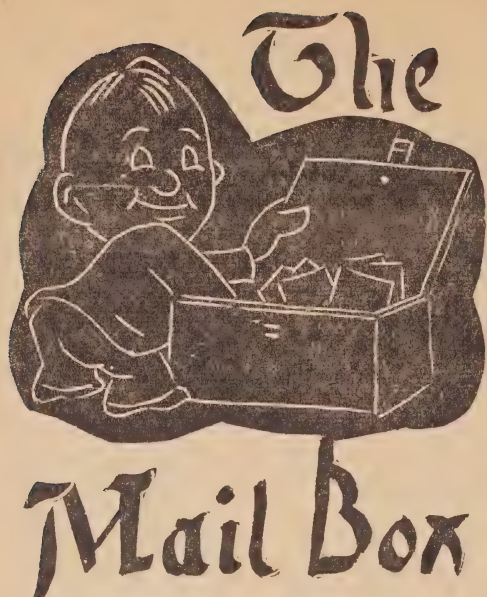
LITTLE GIRL, SKIPPING

I say, and may be thought absurd,
A little girl is partly bird.
You say she has no wing or feather,
I say behold the dancing leather
Of shoes upon her skipping feet,
How seldom sole and sidewalk meet.
You say that she is earthly bound,
Unable to get off the ground?
I only said — recall the word,
A little girl is partly bird,
And if she cannot soar the skies
She has the urge, and tries and tries.

Philip Hamilton

*** **

No man has ever yet thoroughly mastered the
knowledge of himself. Goethe.



Dear Sirs:

Please find enclosed One Dollar for a year's subscription to your enlightening, educational, intellectual, uplifting, factual, and enervating magazine. Indeed all other magazines are in the shade when it comes to The Diamond. What a little gem. Never have I met such downright honesty and fact in a publication. You gentlemen are to be highly commended, and may rest assured of my continued support.

Sincerely,
Mrs. M.J.K.,
Dresden, Ontario.

Dear Mrs. M.J.K.:

We have a faint suspicion why you find so much to admire in The Diamond, could it be that one of our staff is the cause of this? However, we are taking your praise to heart, and tomorrow each Diamond staffer is having an elastic insert put in the side of his hat. Along with the swelling subscription list, the heads of the staff are following suit. Thank you very much for your attitude and platitudes. We shall try to live up to the standard you have set for us.

Sincerely,
The Editor.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed please find One Dollar, for which kindly send me the Collin's Bay Diamond for one year.

Your truly,
Mrs. Edward Wood,
Pakenham, Ontario.

Dear Madam:

Thank you very much for your dollar which you kindly sent us. The Collin's Bay Diamond will be at your door each month for the next year. We sincerely hope you will get as much enjoyment out of our publication as we get sending it to you. May God bless you.

The Diamond Staff.

Most Honourable Editor:

Please find the lowly sum of Two Dollars and Fifty Cents in this humble letter, to pay for three glorious years of The Diamond. I place the writings in the Diamond along with the writings of Confucious, Tao Lin and Lee Duck, the neighborhood laundryman. You have his grandson working in your laundry office, for which we Chinese give thanks. Please ignore any tickets that come in for him, and please, please — I implore you — check your books carefully, and do not judge all Orientals by this miserable example. Trusting your walls are high and safe, I remain

Ah Me,
Toronto.

Dear Sirs:

Would you please send me the February Issue of The Diamond, also the yearly subscription fee. Upon receipt of this my remittance will go forward by return.

I remain
G.F. James
Dept. of Parks Police,
Hamilton, Ontario.

Dear Sir:

We have complied with your request. Now we are anxiously sweating out the arrival of your buck. You must realize the serious risk we are taking by sending a copy of The Diamond on such a slim promise. However, as you are a member of the City Police Force, we naturally take your honesty for granted. Hope your parks are all in bloom and all is well in the Ambitious City.

Sincerely,
The Editor

Dear Sir:

Please send me The Diamond for one year. Enclosed find One Dollar.

Mr. Neil McDonald,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sir:

We find, on going through our voluminous records, that you are paid for one year, so we simply credited you with another year. We sincerely hope this meets with your approval because we want all our subscribers to be happy and satisfied.

Sincerely,
The Editor.

Dear Mr. Me:

Thank you very much for the Two Dollars and fifty Cents — we needed it. Thanks also for the compliments — we needed them. But as to Lee Duck's grandson, we have him here — we do not thank you for him, nor do we need him. At one time our laundry was a well-staffed, fast operating and efficient department. Now, unhappily, everyone speaks Chinese, everyone shuffles, and you find rice in the darndest places. Please tell Lee Duck he may have him back if he wishes to pay the freight, but frankly, we feel the boy has never had it so good. Besides this, no one will ever be able to straighten up the books. If Grandpa Duck gets him back, he has to take the books with him. The books are quiet and sober — this is more than we can say for the grandson.

An Orientated Editor.

Dear Sir:

I was just reading about the wonderful magazine you boys print, so would like to get it for a year. I am enclosing a One Dollar money order. Best of luck.

Mrs. Arthur Wright,
Bedford, Halifax Co., N.S.

Dear Madam:

We presume you read about our magazine in *The Farmer's Advocate*. This wonderful publication gave us quite a bit of publicity, for which we are very grateful. We are also very grateful for the wonderful response we

received from your end of the country. We take this opportunity to thank you personally for your subscription. Rest assured we shall try to live up to the praise given to us by the article you read.

The Diamond Staff.

Sirs:

I have just received the March issue of *The Diamond*. Words fail me. High gloss paper, plenty of pictures, and the usual high standard of writings. I have been a subscriber for five years and can truthfully say this is the finest *Diamond* yet. I enjoyed particularly the Pin-Up Girl on Page 30, and my wife used the recipe on Page 19 last Sunday. Next week she is buying sufficient material to use the dress pattern from your Homemakers Page. Please find my subscription in cash for a further five years.

George Arbuthnot,
Teeterville, Ontario.

Dear Sir: Thank you very much for the Ten Dollars. We do not have much time to answer your profitable and delightful letter, but may we say we are in the process of instituting a recipe page, a homemakers page, and taking some pin-up photos. Sincerely hope you remain in the fog you appear to be in. Our grateful thanks.

Yours,
Genevieve Collins and
Nora Bay.

THE FESTIVAL

Grim, brave festival of fright,
Man and bull, engaged to fight,
Below on sand, white and pure
Medieval sport, last to endure.

Pure, of blood centuries old,
Head and horns proudly uphold,
The other, human, suit of lights,
Victor of a hundred fights.

A trifle closer mortal fool,
While the audience shout and drool,
Huh, Torro! Ole, Bravo!
Festival, or gory show.

Passe doble, veronica neat,
Charged and rushed by ton of meat,
The end? 'Twill be the same,
The picador, has part of the game.

Weakened by horse and lance,
Bull staggers, looks askance,
Worked with cape, blind with pain,
Predestined, never to fight again.

Matador, schooled for years,
Idolized, target of cheers,
The bull, ignorant of sword and cape,
Gory death is his escape.

Gunner.

BEFORE THE INCINERATOR

Burn, burn, you bushel of trash
Burn to a frazzle, burn to an ash!
Burn, you bundle of last month's bills,
Burn you packet of last year's pills!
To the flames, you catalogue of fads;
Ignite, you phony oil-stock ads.
And all you begging letters go
In a fury leap to the winds that blow!
Before you, your destroyer stands,
On bundled trash I'll warm my hands.
But hark, the mailman at the door,
Burn quickly, trash — here comes some more.

Philip Hamilton

YOUR SMILE

Your radiant smile was always there,
You had the gift to banish care,
And all my troubles great or small,
Before your smile they seemed to fall.

In memory there's a hallowed shrine,
Kept just for you oh Mother mine,
Brightly lighted by your smile,
Guiding me gently all the while.

Bruno Iolanthe.

THE DYING FLAME

By M. Tripp

IT was just a little less than a month ago before this writing, that from every city, town and hamlet in Ontario came the hue and cry of "What shall we do about the sexual deviate?" There were meetings of this organization and that organization; the newspapers were importing psychiatrists, psychologists etc., from the United States for mass meetings; the whole populace seemed to be up in arms about the slaying of a teen-age girl in Toronto and the indirect death of a five year old child in London Ont.

All the important city newspapers were running two and three inch head-lines, rewards were posted, every available limb of the law was utilized to run down the culprits or morons who committed these dastardly deeds; one man was apprehended, the Toronto slayer, the other is still on the loose.

Let us pick up our newspapers or even some periodicals of today's date-line. Nary a word appears! "The flame grows weaker". The general populace has once returned to its everyday complacent life. Were you to ask any ten people on the street tomorrow the names of the two children recently slain in Ontario they would look at you in amazement. And maybe one would come up with the correct names, and this is fact. The "Embers of the fire of indignation are cooling". The psychiatrists, the psychologists have gone back to their everyday routine at some hospital or institution; the papers have not followed up, why? Because the thrill is gone, and the public look forward to something new and different.

Our courts cannot do a thing about it. They too have rules and regulations, a book of set procedures dictates their decisions. The sex pervert must be sentenced to reformatory or penitentiary for there is no alternative, no special institution where he may receive the care he so badly needs. So in many instances

when a Magistrate gives a man a suspended sentence it is because of the lack of a suitable place to send him, don't criticize the sentencing party, rather give the Criminal Code the blame.

Many prominent penologists have testified that nothing is done in the penitentiaries to help sex criminals, even those serving indeterminate sentences. No special treatment is provided for them nor are they segregated from the rest of the prison population. And the statement that this excerpt was taken from appeared in the Toronto Star dated February 8th. 1956.

So round and round we go. The same old merry-go-round. The apprehended moron sits in whatever jail they have lodged him in to await trial and sentence, the "Fire of Sex Crimes" is now dead. The people have forgotten the terrible episode, so the accused, whether he is mentally deficient, moronic or a dangerous sadist is quietly tried and sentenced, John Public by this time must wrack his brain to figure out what the man done to receive the sentence handed down. So he (John Public) reads his newspaper, finds the name of the sentenced man and remarks, "Oh yeah, that guy."

But we of the Penal Press have our own feelings along this line, and, along the same line as our Editor's article entitled "Our Feelings" we feel that these people are sick and should be given whatever treatment is necessary. They should be segregated away from others who have normal viewpoints and who follow the accepted sexual way of life.

The flame must not be allowed to die, we do not want more headlines to scream:

"YOUNG GIRL MURDERED BY SEXUAL DEVIATE" it may be your own family that is affected next.

Religion Inside

M Tripp

IT was just the other night, while sitting in my cell, pencil and paper in front of me, pondering as to what assignment the Editor would throw at me for March. He usually picks the dandy ones for me. Why? Well, he is still angry with me for coming out of the hospital and returning to duty. He had spent hours writing a most beautiful obituary and claimed it was such a long time since he had lost one of his Staff in such a manner. Most of his ex-Staff members are now residents of Mental Institutions.

During that same afternoon, Father Devine, our Catholic Padre, had stopped in the change-room on one of his many visits to the various departments throughout the Institution. I had the extreme pleasure of chatting with him for a few moments. After his departure the thought struck me, "What do the folks know about the Religious side of 'Inside the Walls'?"

Three Faiths are represented, the Roman Catholic, by Rev. Felix M. Devine S.J., of St. Paul's Chapel, the Protestant Faith is represented by Rev. Canon Minto Swan, of St. John's Chapel. Mr. Harry Bircall is director of both choirs. He provides accompaniment on the electric organs in both Churches. He is a jolly fellow, hail and well met, always a pleasant word for every inmate he meets.

Major William Mercer of the Salvation Army conducts the Bible Classes and interviews inmates, helping in any way he can to alleviate the troubles that the boys may have. The ever-popular Rabbi Hollander manages spiritual and moral guidance for the boys of the Jewish Faith.

Protestant and R.C. services are held early each Sunday morning. The first Sunday of each month is considered a voluntary service, the remaining Sundays of the current month are considered parades. It is with pride that I can say that a stranger cannot tell a voluntary Service from a parade Service. The Churches are filled at all Services. The inmates seem to really get something out of the sermons and talks that they hear. I am sure that many of the inmates have attended Church services for the first time in their lives upon coming

to C.B. I also feel that many of them will continue this beautiful habit when they are released. It is hoped they will, when places like C.B. have become very remote memories.

During the course of the year we hope to outline the inner workings of each Faith, and just what each Padre, Salvationist and Rabbi does for the inmate and what they have to contend with. This means a slight digression or sparks will fly in the Editor's Inner Sanctum and yours truly will be the flint.

Do you know that there are more than five hundred Religious organizations in the world to-day with a total membership of one billion six hundred million. Can they all be right? After studying recent statistics, it is found that in this world of to-day there are 399 million Roman Catholics, 128 Eastern Orthodox Catholics, 136 million Protestant and Evangelical, 221 million Mohammedans, 300 million Confucionists, 150 million Buddhists, 230 million Hindus, 50 million Taoists, 25 million Shintoists and 12 million Jews. These, dear reader, are the Faiths of the world. Now I say, "Who is right?"

In the United States alone there are 265 bodies, with 165,583 Churches, with a total membership of over 82½ million. It is with regret that I cannot at this time give the statistics of Canada, but will endeavour to submit them at a later date.

Everyone of the above religious groups offers reasons for its existence that seems plausible to vast numbers of people. Many of them have good philosophies and creditable teachings, but so many of them are in open disagreement.

This means we are in a state of religious confusion the whole world over, and leaves me, as an individual, wondering if I belong to the right church. I guess it is a small wonder that the Bible refers to this religious world at the end of time, a "Babylon" which means "confusion"!

In closing I merely wish to say that for Heaven's sake do not get the idea that the inmates of a Penitentiary walk around, heads down, scowling and growling, or talking out of the sides of their mouths saying, "dese, and dose," for such is not the case. Should a man become depressed, he has the opportunity to have a real heart to heart talk with the Padre representing his Faith. Believe me, dear reader, each and every Padre goes the limit to help a man out of a depressive slump.



HE WHO LAUGHS

I SEE by a copy of the C.B. Diamond that the old place is still there and I can visualize the old joint as these lines are penned. The interior should be familiar to me, two of my pen sentences were served behind those walls; as a matter of fact on my first bit the walls were not quite finished.

It is noticeable on reading the Institution's Magazine that Vocational Training has really caught on down there. They wanted me to take it my second trip, but who wants to go to school in prison, what did they figure I was: a dope or an idiot?

My partner took a course and got the foundation of a trade. We left the same day on completion of our sentences, and I had a real laugh at him coming back to Toronto on the train. I told him he wouldn't make a ticket of leave by taking the vocational training, but he wouldn't listen. There he was, every night studying in his drum (cell) and working all day in the Vocational Shop. Me, say I took it easy on a job on the pen farm; and what was the difference, we both got out the same day!

When we hit Toronto, I wanted to see a guy we met in the pen, my partner wouldn't go with me. He left and took a room in the west end of Toronto. Next time I saw him he was working for a small outfit making a lousy \$65.00 a week, can you imagine a guy with any brains doing a stupid stunt like that. Say, I spent more than that in one night in some of the cocktail lounges I went to and the booze cans; \$65.00 wouldn't even get me started!

I partnered up with three other Joes and made a "helluva" living for two years. We really lived it up; I had a new car, plenty of clothes and a real hep doll for a girl friend. Yes sir, nothing but the best for me. Sometimes I heard from my ex-partner, the stupid one who turned square John and got a job. He was doing alright he said, his boss had given him a couple of raises and he met a broad he was going to marry, just as soon as he earned

the money. I used to feel sorry for him and twice I offered to cut him in on easy scores, you know how it is, the guy was always O.K. with me, but he wouldn't move on anything crooked.

The last time I heard from him he had married the girl and put a down payment on a small house. He had moved to a new district and I had one devil of a time finding him. It took my lawyer a whole day to locate him to get him to put the house up for my bail. It was for that small pete score just outside Toronto, remember they pinched me for it, that's right, they had no evidence and had to drop the case. Anyway he was quite slow about putting his house up for my bail; when the case finished up and I was on the street again I told him off. Told him just what I thought of him, he sounded off about how hard he worked to get a home together; you know what I told him, eh? Told him only suckers worked for a living.

So I picked up two more partners and we started back at the old racket. There were very few safes we couldn't open. We really piled up the money until this jackpot happened.

We made an easy entrance into the place, grabbed the watchman and were working on the safe. We had this stupid old watchman tied up and everything was going just fine and dandy when the mooch that owns the place drives up to find out why the watchman had not phoned him at ten o'clock. Seems they had an arrangement; every night the watchman phones the boss and tells him everything is doing well.

We grabbed the owner when he came in the front door. He had a pistol in his fist and in the struggle it went off and killed him. As far as I am concerned it was his own fault; can you imagine a guy carrying a piece at night and sticking his nose into someone else's business. If it wasn't for him I wouldn't be sitting here on this bum beef for murder.

An that phony ex-partner of mine, I had a lawyer phone him to get a lend of some money; what do you think he told my lawyer? He told him to go to hell. Just shows you can't trust these working square Johns. Oh! well, I wont be going to Collin's Bay this time, that's for sure.

Go not for every grief to the physician, nor for every quarrel to the lawyer, nor for every thirst to the pot.

George Hebert.

Radio Ramblings

By Bill Huddlestone.

HERE WE ARE in the ides of March and we fully expect a rash of IRISH numbers to be wafted over the ether.

In this my second RADIO RAMBLIN'S I shall give you a short but thorough history on "MAHALIA JACKSON" who to my way of thinking is without a doubt "The WORLD'S GREATEST GOSPEL SINGER", but first here is a little rundown on a few of the programmes listened to and enjoyed by us in here.

One of the biggest laugh getters here is an English show: "Take it from Here", a re-broadcast of the B.B.C., the english sense of humor by far out does most of the comedians are used to hearing; their music is very good and all in all this show rates with the best we have over here.

Another show that causes a great many snickers is "PEOPLE ARE FUNNY". Art Linklater, who is a CANADIAN has millions of devout listeners; he has attained his fame by proving one little thing, that no matter who they are or where their from: "PEOPLE ARE FUNNY".

Groucho Marx with his "YOU BET YOUR LIFE" is another of the better class shows; Grouch's wit and humor send many of our population to dreamland with smiles on their faces.

It was my misfortune the other night, while listening to a musical show from New York, to hear a new release by Garry Crosby. I cannot remember the name of the song, a fact for which I am thankful, but I do know it will be quite a thing if it sells enough copies to pay for itself.

It is certainly a shame that he has't inherited a portion of his wonderful Father's great voice.

I wonder if someone with a better voice, but for argument sake, bearing the name of Smith would get the same opportunities as this Crosby named Garry?

After hearing a new release by Marlon Brando he might be well advised to stick to acting, we admire versatility but for radio's sake let them be versatile.

MAHALIA JACKSON born the daughter of a dock worker, barber and part time preacher in New Orleans in 1911. Her first years after leaving school were spent singing with a

quintet formed in the Greater Salem Baptist Church in Chicago; she toured with this group and took what ever contracts she could get until she was able to open a beauty salon. She later opened a flower shop and began to buy real estate and acquired a very comfortable income.

Now I will move on up a little higher. A gospel song written by Mahalia reached over two millions copies.

She then filled Carnegie Hall on five different occasions. She had the same response in the Halls in Europe.

Mahalia has turned down fabulous offers to sing the blues. When asked why she would not sing blues she answered: "When I was a girl I washed dishes, scrubbed floors, bent over a wash-tub, just to help keep my family alive. I knew the blues, but there is despair in the blues; I sang God's music because it gave me hope. I still need the hope and happiness God's music brings. I find it a personal triumph over every handicap, a solution to every problem, a path to peace. Anybody that sings the blues is in a deep pit yelling for help, and I am simply not in that kind of position."

This is without a doubt the world's greatest Gospel Singer. A woman who sings what she feels; a woman who gets more satisfaction out of singing of her God than any earthly wealth could ever give her.

Just before Christmas last, a Toronto Disc jockey received a phone call shortly after playing a Christmas Carol in which Mahalia was featured; this crank said he felt it was sacrilegious the way she sang, this disc jockey retaliated wonderfully when he answered: Mahalia is a girl who lives her religion all year long, not just at Christmas.

Well, that's it for this month but let me offer this; if some night your feeling may be just a little blue get yourself a recording of "Manhattan Towers" fifteen minutes of wonderful listening. I'll bet you will play it more than once before you put it away.

The recent hit "The Great Pretender" fits everyone, I think. How many times have you lived the life of a King or a Sea Lord or a great Actress? Yes, the Great Pretender describes all of us at one time or another.

Just Wondering

By Serious Marshall

THE title is surely ambiguous, or is it? I have wondered about it. Just recently I had trouble with my heart and spent over a month in a Prison Hospital; you readers may wonder why I specifically state a "Prison Hospital", it is merely to prove again that Prisoners are People, that when an inmate becomes ill he is not just given a mess of pills and told to carry on. That man is cared for properly and given every attention and aid known to Medical Science. We will grant that he does not have the attention of beautiful nurses, to pamper him, nor does he have the attention of white coated interns, in the instance of a Prison patient, the interne is an Inmate orderly. The care of the Prison patient is just as good as the wealthiest person in the best Hospital anywhere on this globe, the effort to maintain life is equal.

God might have made man from star dust or some materials of paradise, but He did not. Man was made of a very earthly mixture. Let us just check with the Bible. In Genesis 2nd chapter, 7th. verse it says: "And the Lord formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and the man became a living soul."

We find that science agrees completely with this verse regarding his composition. It is discovered that a person who weighs about 140 lbs. contains enough fat to make seven sacks of soap, enough carbon for 9,000 lead pencils, phosphorous for 2,000 match heads, magnisium for one dose of salts, iron enough to make one medium sized nail, sufficient lime to white wash a chicken coop, enough sulphur to rid one dog of fleas and water enough to fill a ten gallon can. Man is composed of the elements which we find in the heart of old Mother Earth.

Let us stop and think for just a monent; what a man eats, everything that he puts into his mouth comes out of the earth. Man was made from the soil and he is sustained by the soil. But you could put all the soil elements together in the right proportions to make a man and still not have one because it took the Creator to supply the know-how in combin-

ing all these things and to turn the inorganic into the organic.

Man has one body, one intelligence, one memory, one mind to reason, one conscience and one will. Just as long as he continues to breathe the breath of life he will be a human being, a living soul. So much for life as we know it, the writer was very recently close to death, in fact this is what prompted me to write these lines and have taken to spending more time reading the Worl'ds Best Seller: The Bible.

Is death a friend or an enemy? Death is not the friend some would have us believe. The Word of God calls death an enemy. Death is the disintregation of a living soul; the human being, death is the awful abyss at the end of a one way street which the Bible calls sin. It is a pit which none of us can escape.

Take man's breath from him and he dies. His body decays, the brain and the nervous system no longer function. Man is like a candle, it is perfect. It stands ready to give light, but has no light of its own; we strike a match and light the wick, the result is we have a lighted candle. Blow on the flame of the candle and it goes out. Where did it go? Out — that's all. So with the passing of the flame the light also goes out. Man is like that candle. It takes divine energy to light him. God strikes the match and man is a living soul. But when life is snuffed out of the man, the light goes out, like the flame, the soul or life has gone out.

I could continue this discourse to some extent but feel that it might possibly become boring to some of our readers, and again it can become very enlightening to others, maybe in some further issue I will continue. In closing I make the following statement: Our enemy, death, with its prison house the grave will be completely destroyed when God purifies this world of sin.

It would be greatly appreciated if those of you who read this article would take Time Out and drop the Editor a note as to your reception of articles along this line.

There is a precocious six-year old boy in a Vermont school, who is wonderful on spelling and definition. The other day his teacher asked him to spell matrimony.

"M-a-t-r-i-m-o-n-y", said the youngster, promptly.

"Now define it", said the teacher.

"Well", replied the boy, "I don't exactly know what it means, but I know mother's got enough of it".



PERUSING THE PENAL PRESS



MOUNTAIN ECHOES (Manitoba Penitentiary) G. Madden's Editorial rates an orchid, it was well read here and highly complimented by those who read it. Share the Wealth by A. Matthews is good down to earth common sense. We extend congratulations on a great issue.

THE FORUM (Nebraska State Penitentiary) The Essential Purpose of Living, by Kenny Wells should give hope to all of us. It proves that if we stick to what we believe anything can be made possible.

THE CLOCK (Idaho State) 18 Ways to become Rich and Famous by Boyd Hatcher is not only extremely humorous but contains one helluva lot of good sense and philosophy. Mr. Hatcher knows his stuff, of this we are convinced after reading his, Who is to Blame.

THE HARBINGER (State of Kansas) Your Feb-March issue was good (as it always is) and the St. Patrick's article was right up our alley. Jack Wilson presented a very good version of St. Valentine, contrary to our effort along this line but, who's to say who is right and who is wrong?

THE PIONEER (Chino, California) Your sport pictures are very good. And Diablo's Easy the Hard Way was excellent Penal Press. Muchos Gracias Senors, Nosotros aqui la gusto mucho asu publication, saludos.

THE CORRECTOR (Chicago, Ill.) Your article, The Man With No Tools, well as Collin's Bay penitentiary has an extensive vocational training plan you may well imagine how we felt about this sterling insertion. Your complete issue was fine.

THE MONTHLY RECORD (State of Connecticut) Your editorial, Cary, certainly carries a great message, and the mention of Excessive Sentences, my friend, too much cannot be said along these lines. Take away a man's hope and he will replace it with scheming. Compliments on the whole issue.

OHIO NEWS (Columbus Ohio) The Editors Desk, your little thought from Cardinal Spellman is good press we enjoy your efforts greatly.

STRAY SHOTS (Fort Leavenworth, U.S. Discip. Barracks) Again may we compliment your Editor on an excellent issue. And the article by your

ex-editor is an innovation, what an alumni we could build up if permitted to.

THE NEW DAY (Mansfield, Ohio) The frontispiece on your February II issue is a nice bit of art work, the message from Abraham Lincoln we are going to quote. "It has been said of the world's history hitherto, that might makes right. It is for us and our time to reverse this maxim and to say that right makes right."

LAKE SHORE OUTLOOK (Michigan City, In.) Time and the Man by R.L. Moseley, we agree the basic good in a man cannot be destroyed we enjoy your paper and look forward to it.

WEEKLY PROGRESS (Marquette, Michigan) Your head-line, front page, February 17-56 Lifer Bill passes senate, shows some progress in your criminal code. You have a complete little paper and may we say it is improving.

THE UPLIFT (Concord, North Carolina) Hard to believe this is published by teenagers, nice lay-out, good pictures, thorough coverage. And always the same high calibre.

THE VIEWPOINT (U.S. Discip. Barracks, Lompoc, California) What a clear and comprehensive explanation of your parole rules, we refer to your article You and Parole. This we feel is the way a Penal magazine gives real service, by explaining facts to the inmates of the institution you are serving. And scientifically your article on satellites was good, fact is the whole issue was exceptional.

DUTY CALL (U.S. Naval Retraining Command) Ahoy, we like your little magazine and look forward to it's delivery, your editor's column, Dick says, always contains a lot of common sense. Always readable and interesting.

THE ANGOLITE (Angola, La.) Oh Boy step right up and read the Angolite, small but very informative. Your editorial For Want of a Nail was extremely good and your freckles comparison was really something. You folks rate a triple Orchid (with a capital O)

THE SPECTATOR (Jackson, Michigan) Lots of news in your paper and nice lay-out. Your article "Young criminals talk to a stranger" was well read by our staff, nice effort on your part each issue.

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I wish to be a man among men, and no longer a dreamer among shadows. Henceforth be mine a life of action and reality. I will work in my own sphere, nor wish it other than it is. This alone is health and happiness. Longfellow.

QUALITY QUOTES

from PENITENT PENS

QUALITY QUOTES FROM PENITENT PENS
VIEWPOINT (U.S. Discip. Barracks, Lompoc, Calif.) Humanity falls into three groups, in regards to budgeting — those who have budgeted successfully; those who have budgeted and failed; and those who have never attempted budgeting.

THE INSIDE WORLD (Parchman, Mississippi) We are deprived of owning all but the barest necessities and are starved for the luxuries that constitute commonplace living for the people whom we are to live amongst. Then we are given \$10.00 and told to "go out there and show em!" Well, it's comparable to locking a man up in a barren room for a week without food and water and then suddenly turning him loose in a super-market dead broke.

THE REFLECTOR (Pendleton, Indiana) Detective Charles S. Wade (Reading Penna) has this to say; "If I can educate the public to accept the man who made a mistake I can educate that man to accept the public."

THE PRISON MIRROR (State of Minnesota) It has been my experience that, as a group, lifers generally represent the best parole risks," he said. "All published statistics, released by various States," he added, "prove this to be true."

THE NEW DAY (Mansfield, Ohio) James S. Hanahan, chief probation officer of Lucas County, said; "We feel very strongly that we do not have a state wide program for juveniles or adults. If this investigation can point up some of the glaring inadequacies, it will ultimately result in a smaller prison population and less crime."

WEEKLY PROGRESS (Marquette, Michigan) Without incentives and without the definite end of his imprisonment in plain view at some reasonable distance ahead, no man can be expected to create within himself the power to go on blindly, year after year, without becoming utterly discouraged, embittered and frustrated at the senselessness of it all.

STRAY SHOTS (U.S.D.B. Fort Leavenworth Kansas) It would be a very good thing if in the pre-release classes a special class be held for men that are about to be released on parole and if possible a member of the Parole and Probation division of Kansas City attend for open discussions on parole.

DUTY CALL (Camp Elliott, San Diego, Calif.) Life is never reducible to a certainty, nor living

to security. Growth implies change; progress involves danger. Every day, every hour, we face new conditions. A plan may succeed or fail; we may meet good fortune or bad. Each day is an exciting page of the book of life, if we knew the contents of the next chapter, the zest would be gone.

THE UPLIFT (Stonewall Jackson Manual Training And Industrial School) Youthful criminals should not be confined with old and vicious offenders, for such association hardens their natures and lessens the chances of ever reclaiming them. I will therefore, throw no obstacle in the way of establishing some kind of a reformatory for young offenders and the State can now afford it.

THE CLOCK (State of Idaho) A man needs to be neither a genius nor a millionaire to acquire knowledge, either theoretical or actual. He needs only time, opportunity and perseverance. The judge supplied you with the time, the state is affording the opportunity; it's up to you to finish the perseverance. Actually, it doesn't take long to acquire a basic knowledge of any of the building trades. You can't become a journeyman in a short time, of course, but you can become proficient enough to be a helper, which is how all journeymen start.

THE MONTHLY RECORD (State of Connecticut) There is no worse injustice—no better inducement to mental stagnation, bitterness, prison rioting and attempted escapes — than excessive sentences which leave their victims bereft of hope for an eventual resurrection into the free world. The deplorable perpetration of such vengeful despair-breeding punishment is considerably more criminal than the "criminal" on which it is inflicted.

THE FORUM (Nebraska State Penitentiary) It isn't in the Constitution, or even the Bill of Rights, but each man has only his own time to do. The penal pilots will try to chart your course for you, but if you are quiet and observant you can avoid the shoals by yourself. My prison experience has given me but one simple Credo; "Keep the Eyes Open and the Mouth Shut!"

THE HARBINGER (Kansas State Industrial Reformatory) George E. Schwenk Jr. Yes its your life to live — by the grace and goodness of society. Will you not pay the debt by having your path lead upward? You too will leave footprints in the sands of time. Which way will they go? It's entirely up to you.

THE PIONEER NEWS (Chino, California) "There is only one job where you can start at the top — when you dig a hole.

MOUNTAIN ECHOES (Manitoba Penitentiary) that pitiful creature who enrolls upon a course simply because he wishes to look intelligent, who asks for studies much too advanced for his limited learning and who always quits after wasting other students and the teachers time and effort.

Never waste family scraps, open the windows so the whole neighbourhood can enjoy them.
ANON.

A WORD TO THE WISE

A Civilization is judged by it's prisons.

Collin's Bay Penitentiary Administration

| | |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| COLONEL VICTOR S.J. RICHMOND..... | Warden and Senior Officer |
| DAVID M. McLEAN | Deputy Warden |
| HERBERT FIELD..... | Chief Keeper |
| FRED SMITH..... | Principal Keeper |
| WILLIAM DOWNTON..... | Chief Vocational Officer |
| EDWARD OGILVIE..... | Chief Trade Instructor |
| HAYDN MINTON..... | Chief Accountant |
| HAAKON HAMNES..... | Chief Engineer |
| FREDERICK HARRIS..... | Warden's Secretary |
| CHRISTOPHER MacLEOD..... | Chief Steward |
| HOWARD PUTNAM | Storekeeper |
| CLARENCE HOGEBOOM..... | Supervisor, School and Library Dept. |
| FELIX McALLISTER..... | Schoolteacher |
| ERIC ATKINS..... | Deputy Warden's Secretary |
| JAMES DONALDSON..... | Censor |
| JAMES EDMUNDS | Physical Training Instructor |
| REVEREND CANON MINTO SWAN, M.A., B.D., E.D..... | Protestant Chaplain |
| REVEREND FELIX M. DEVINE, S.J..... | Roman Catholic Chaplain |

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| L. PHILIPPE GENDREAU, M.D..... | Deputy Commissioner |
| RALPH E. MARCH B. Sc..... | Deputy Commissioner |
| GÜSTAVE L. SAUVANT, B.A..... | Senior Assistant Commissioner |
| JAMES A. McLAUGHLIN..... | Assistant Commissioner |
| NEIL R. MacLEAN, C.A. | Assistant Commissioner |

NOTABLE NOTATION

Every man is the maker of his own fortune. Anon.

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SUPPORT

THE

**PARENT'S
ACTION
LEAGUE**

BLOODROOT

*When April winds arrive
And the soft winds are here,
Some morning by the roadside
These gipsy folk appear.
We never see their coming,
However sharp our eyes;
Each year as if by magic
They take us by surprise.*

—Bliss Carman.

NOTICE

*If you would like to have a friend receive a complimentary copy
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